

P. o. angl.

468

n

J. O. Angl.
1768

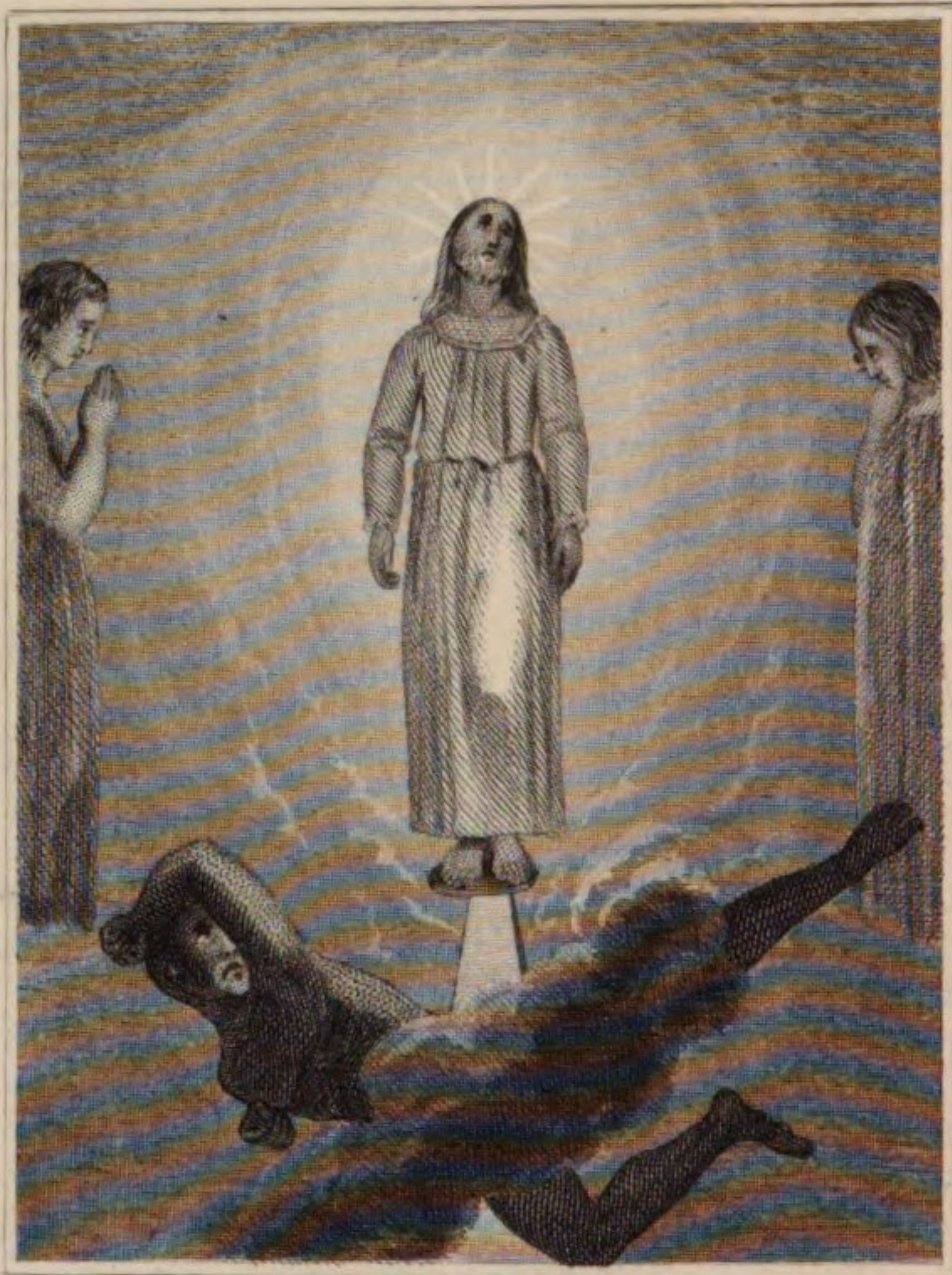
White

<36626959780016

<36626959780016

S

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek



And caught me up aloft, till, in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,
And smote me earthward.

Vide page 8.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

of Henry John Wilson



LONDON:
CHARLES DARTON
19, RED LION SQUARE.



Vide page 8.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
Henry Burke White.



"I sing the Cross".

Vide Christiad.

LONDON,
CHARLES DALY,
19, RED LION SQUARE.

THE WORKS
OF
HENRY KIRK WHITE,
CONTAINING
HIS LIFE, POEMS, AND
MELANCHOLY HOURS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY C. DALY, 19, RED LION SQUARE.

1840.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY C. DALY, RED LION SQUARE.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

CONTENTS.

FRAGMENTS.

I. "Saw'st thou that light?"	- - -	100
II. "The pious man in this bad world"	- - -	ib.
III. "Lo! on the eastern summit"	- - -	101
IV. "There was a little bird upon that pile"	- - -	ib.
V. "O pale art thou lamp"	- - -	ib.
VI. "O give me music"	- - -	102
VII. "Ah! who can say, however fair his view"	- - -	103
VIII. "And must thou go?"	- - -	ib.
IX. "When I sit musing on the chequer'd past"	- - -	ib.
X. "When high romance, o'er ev'ry wood and stream"	- - -	104
XI. "Hush'd is the lyre"	- - -	ib.
XII. "Once more, and yet once more"	- - -	105
Time	- - -	ib.
Childhood, Part I.	- - -	122
----- II.	- - -	126
Fragment of an Eccentric Drama	- - -	133
To a Friend	- - -	138
On reading the Poems of Warton	- - -	140
To the Muse	- - -	141
To Love	- - -	142
The Wandering Boy	- - -	143
Fragment—"The western gale"	- - -	144
Ode, written on Whit-Monday	- - -	146
Canzonet	- - -	147
Commencement of a Poem on Despair	- - -	ib.
To the Wind; a Fragment	- - -	114
The Eve of Death	- - -	509
Thanatos	- - -	151
Athanatos	- - -	152
On Music	- - -	153
Ode to the Harvest Moon	- - -	155
Song—"Softly, softly blow, ye breezes"	- - -	157
The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song	- - -	158
Sonnet	- - -	160
On being confined to School one pleasant Morning in Spring; written at the age of Thirteen	- - -	ib.
Extract from an Address to Contemplation	- - -	161

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To the Rosemary - - - - -	163
To the Morning - - - - -	164
My own Character - - - - -	166
Ode on Disappointment - - - - -	168
Lines written in Wilford Church-yard, on Recovery from Sickness - - - - -	170
The Christiad - - - - -	173

TRIBUTARY VERSES:

Lines and Note by Lord Byron - - -	183
— written in the Homer of Mr. H. K. White -	184
To the Memory of H. K. White, by a Lady -	185
Stanza, supposed to have been written at the grave of H. K. White, by a Lady - - - -	187
Ode on the late H. K. White - - - -	188
Verses occasioned by the Death of H. K. White, by Josiah Conder - - - - -	189
Sonnet, by Arthur Owen - - - - -	191
— in memory of H. K. White - - - -	192
Reflections on reading the life of H. K. White, by William Holloway - - - - -	ib.
Lines on reading the Poem on Solitude, by Josiah Conder - - - - -	194
To the Memory of H. K. White, by the Reverend W. B. Collyer, A. M. - - - - -	ib.
On the Death of H. K. White, by T. Park -	196
—	
Melancholy Hours, No. I. - - - - -	197
— II. - - - - -	200
— III. - - - - -	204
— IV. - - - - -	210
— V. - - - - -	214
— VI. - - - - -	220
— VII. - - - - -	225
— VIII. - - - - -	229
— IX. - - - - -	235
— X. - - - - -	243
— XI. - - - - -	245
— XII. - - - - -	249

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life	vii
Original Preface to Clifton Grove	xvii

POETRY.

Lines by Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, on a Monument erected by Francis Boott, Esq, in All-Saints Church, Cambridge, to the Memory of Henry Kirke White	19
Lines by Lord Byron	ib.
To my Lyre, an Ode	21
Clifton Grove	22
Gondoline, a Ballad	35
Written on a Survey of the Heavens, in the Morning before Day-break	42
Lines supposed to be spoken by a Lover at the Grave of his Mistress	44
My Study	45
To an early Primrose	48
Sonnet I.—To the Trent	ib.
—————2. “Give me a Cottage on some Cambrian wild.”	49
—————3. Supposed to have been addressed by a Female Lunatic to a Lady	ib.
—————4. In the character of Dermody	50
—————5. The Winter Traveller	51
—————6. By Capel Lofft, Esq.	ib.
—————7. Recantatory in Reply	52
—————8. On hearing an Æolian Harp	ib.
—————9. “What art thou Mighty One	53
A Ballad—“Be hush’d, be hush’d, ye bitter winds”	ib.
The Lullaby of a Female Convict to her child	54
Ode to H. Fuseli, Esq. R. A.	55
———to the Earl of Carlisle	58
Description of a Summer’s Eve	60

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Contemplation	61
To the Genius of Romance.—Fragment	65
The Savoyard's Return	66
Lines—"Go to the raging sea, and say, 'Be still!'"	67
Written in the prospect of death	69
Pastoral Song—"Come Anna, come,"	70
Verses	71
Epigram on Robert Bloomfield	72
Ode to Midnight	73
——To Thought.—Written at Midnight	74
Genius; an Ode	75
Fragment of an Ode to the Moon	77
———"Loud rage the winds without,"	79
———"Oh, thou most fatal of Pandora's train"	80
Sonnet, to Capel Lofft, Esq.	81
——To the Moon	ib.
——Written at the Grave of a Friend	82
——To Misfortune	ib.
———"As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,"	83
——To a Taper	ib.
——To my Mother	84
———"Yes, 'twill be over soon."	ib.
——To Consumption	85
——Thy Judgments Lord are just."	ib.
To a Friend in distress, who, when Henry rea- soned with him calmly, asked if he did not feel for him?	86
Christmas Day	87
Nelsoni Mors	89
Hymn—"Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake"	90
Hymn for Family Worship	92
The Star of Bethlehem	93
Hymn—"O Lord, my God, in mercy turn."	94
Melody—"Yes, once more that dying strain."	ib.
Song, by Waller, with an additional Stanza	95
"I'm pleas'd, and yet I'm sad."	96
Solitude	97
"If far from me the Fates remove"	98
"Fanny, upon thy breast I may not lie"	99

L I F E
OF
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

By the voice of his countrymen, the name of HENRY KIRKE WHITE occupies a high place in the scale of English genius:—by an awful sacrifice was the honour won.—The term of existence allotted to this distinguished youth, was one ceaseless struggle betwixt ambition and disease—a struggle under which he prematurely fell, but not until he had achieved laurels which will never fade. In one respect indeed his fame is of a very enviable description ;—the admiration which is excited by his talents is uniformly accompanied by the strongest sympathy for his fate, and this sympathy is not alloyed by the recollection of a single fault or of a wayward action. It is pure as the life of its meritorious object, and consecrated in the best feelings of our nature. Hence, White is not merely the poet whose works we admire, and the scholar whose efforts we praise—he is one of those sons of genius who lives enthroned in our hearts, and of whom it is at once our pride and glory to boast.

His biography is a tale soon told. The interruptions which poverty and a sickly frame offered to an ardent student fill up the brief record ; and these afford a few incidents to engage the attention of the reader. But every turn in our short narrative leads us to regret that the career of this amiable author should have been so very short, and that the excellence his youthful efforts promised should have been lost to the world. Like many accomplished youths whose names are less known to fame, but whose merits required time, alone, to place their possessors in the first ranks of literature and science,

he was cut off in the dawn of his hopes, and while his talents and prospects were obscured by the immaturity and inexperience of early age.

Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham, on the 21st of March, 1785. His father, John, was a butcher,—his mother, Mary Neville, was of a respectable family in Staffordshire. When three years of age he was sent to the school of a Mrs. Garrington, of whom he draws a very pleasing and affectionate picture in his verses on Childhood. By this good woman he was taught to read, and by her, his future eminence was very confidently predicted. At six, he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Blanchard, in whose seminary he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. While here, his love of reading, which had been manifested at a very early age, increased, and though he was employed when out of school in carrying the butcher's basket, and was even obliged to devote one whole day in each week to this occupation, yet his progress in his studies was astonishingly rapid. When about seven years of age, he was accustomed to steal into the kitchen for the purpose of teaching the servant to read and write, and for this person he wrote a tale which he modestly concealed from his mother. In his eleventh year, he one day composed a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of twelve or fourteen scholars, and on this occasion Mr. Blanchard told them that he had never known them write so well before. Some differences, however, between his father and his teachers, led to his removal to another school, under the care of Mr. Shipley. To the same cause is to be ascribed a very unworthy representation of his character and dispositions, by his former masters; but he soon requited himself of the envy and malignity of his accusation, by various satirical poems directed against his accusers, in which the rod was applied with a degree of severity and skill which astonished his friends and galled his enemies. Under his new master, who quickly perceived and candidly acknowledged his merits, he remained till he was fourteen years of age.

At this stage of our narrative, we cannot avoid calling

the attention of our readers to the early exercise of talent on the part of White—chiefly, however, with the view of remarking that the great talent he thus early exhibited, was not merely an occasional display of genius, a glimmer of fancy, which in a lucky moment illumined his path and vanished for ever, but rather the steady labour of a cultivated mind—the result of unremitting study, and constant culture. Love of knowledge spurred him on, even in boyhood, and led to a degree of perseverance and industry in his pursuits which is seldom found in more advanced students. The good effects of this praiseworthy conduct we would strongly press upon the notice of our young readers. They establish the important truth, too often neglected or contemned by the young man of genius, that, however great may be his natural powers, study alone can mature them and lead to their useful exertion.

Among the difficulties which attended the progress of our young scholar in his literary acquisitions may be ranked the difference of opinion which prevailed between his parents on the subject. His father seems at all times to have looked forward to his following the same trade with himself, and therefore, to have been very little solicitous about his education. But his mother entertained very different views. She always expressed the strongest wishes to educate her son in a very superior manner, and was ready to make every effort to secure the necessary means. Her affectionate solicitude on this point induced her to open a Ladies' Boarding and Day-school, in Nottingham, and though the profits of this establishment increased, in a very material degree, the means of domestic comfort, yet the wants of rather a numerous family led to large claims on her savings, and when Henry arrived at fourteen years of age, it was resolved to apprentice him to a hosier. Here the term of his misery commenced. He did not relish his new employment, which was not only of the most irksome kind, and too laborious for his tender constitution, but one which left him no time for recreation or study. Hence he was deprived of all that literary enjoyment which could have enabled him to undergo the

fatigues of his situation. Constant exertion exhausted him, and vexation and despondency preyed on his mind. It was during this season of wretchedness that he composed his Address to Contemplation, in which his feelings are very forcibly depicted. At last, after dragging a miserable existence for a year at the stocking frame, his fond mother again interposed and removed him to the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, most respectable Attorneys, and Town-clerks of Nottingham. His entry took place in 1800, but as no premium could be given with him, he was obliged as a substitute for it, to serve two years before he was articled.

Henry was now happy. His occupation was congenial to his feelings, and he entered upon its duties with ardour. In that ardour he never relaxed, and though by the recommendation of his masters, he devoted his leisure hours to the acquisition of the Latin language, and, of his own accord, engaged in the study of Greek, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, he never allowed his fondest pursuits to interfere with his duties to his employers. His industry was astonishing, and even to his friends but partially known. His acquirements in literature kept pace with his industry, and in a very short period outstript all expectation. Yet even amidst these studies, multifarious as they were, he found time to acquire some knowledge of chemistry and astronomy, and some skill in drawing, and music, and mechanics. He attempted to become, and, with some difficulty on account of his youth, did become a member of a literary society in his native town, and soon after his election, according to Southey, "he lectured upon genius, and spoke extempore for about two hours, in such a manner, that he received the unanimous thanks of the society, and they elected this young Roscius of Oratory their Professor of Literature."

He now began to contribute to several of the periodical works of the day, particularly the Monthly Mirror, and some of his productions in this miscellany procured him the notice and friendship of Mr. Capel Lofft and other literary gentlemen, who delighted to foster rising genius. Under the sanction of their approbation, he

prepared a volume of poems for the press, and in 1803, published it with a dedication to the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, by whom, however, no notice was ever taken of the author or his work. In the Monthly Review a piece of silly heartless criticism appeared on the work, and poor White was stung almost to madness. But this wanton attack did not produce all the effects which its dull author seemed to wish, for its malignity and injustice were so very apparent that they excited the notice of Southey, who during the author's life was most attentive to his interests, and after his death recorded his virtues in a Memoir worthy of the high talent of its writer and of the modest merits of its subject. The attack too had been deliberately cruel, for White had informed the critics, that the object of his publication was to enable him to prosecute his studies at one of the Universities,—a growing deafness to which he had been long subject, rendering him incapable of practising at the bar, and a strong devotional bias inclining him to enter the church. Henry addressed the Editor of the Review on the subject of the critique, and something like the *amende honorable* appeared in the next number; but still the unkindly wound rankled in the breast of the sensitive poet, and the fear of being thought a just sufferer, induced him afterwards to decline a larger publication, projected for his benefit by Southey, and which under this distinguished writer's friendly protection, must have produced a sum equivalent to the author's wants.

When the corporeal defect before alluded to was found to affect his prospects of success at the bar, it became necessary to choose another profession for him; and, after considerable deliberation, it was resolved that he should enter the church. Hitherto his attention had been directed to religious studies, and his notions on the various systems of belief prevalent in England, do not seem to have been settled. Like many youthful speculators, indeed, Deism, or something approaching to it, appears to have been his first creed; but he soon learned to correct his opinions and to form them on the standard of truth furnished by the Scriptures. With the

characteristic ardour of his mind, he was now anxious to qualify himself, for promulgating his religious beliefs to others, and after encountering many obstacles, he seemed at last almost certain of entering the University of Cambridge, under the auspices of Mr. Simeon, of St. John's College, to whom he had been introduced and by whom his worth was highly appreciated. Preparatory to this step, his employers who had most kindly agreed to relinquish the latter and to them the most valuable half of his services, gave him leave of absence for a few weeks, to enable him to study, and recruit his health by a change of air. He retired, accordingly, to his favourite spot, the village of Wilford, at Clifton woods, where, at the end of little more than a month, he had the mortification to learn that the plans formed for his benefit had entirely failed. The effects of this disappointment on his mind, are best described by his own pen:—

“ There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherished all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below :
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome wo ”

His health too, suffered severely, and his constitution received a shock from which it never recovered. It is true he returned to Nottingham, and to his legal studies with fresh vigour, determined to make up, by redoubled assiduity, the time he had lost. But his disappointment preyed on his mind and his struggles were those of despair. In the course of a very short period, however, the exertions of his friends and the kindness of Mr. Simeon revived his hopes, and with these his health; and so effectually did the latter gentleman employ his influence, that he not only procured for him a Sizarship in St. John's College, but obtained other assistance, without which, the young scholar could not have profited by the situation thus conferred on him. Mr. Simeon did not stop even here;—he interested himself in his young friend's improvement, and general conduct, advised him to decline the aid offered to him by the Elland Clerical Society, and recommended him to place himself under

the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Grainger, of Winteringham, for a year, that he might appear at college with greater advantage.

Every thing being now arranged to his satisfaction, Henry left Nottingham in October, 1804, and repaired to the house of his tutor, under whom he pursued his studies for twelve months, with the greatest perseverance and success. His amiable qualities procured him the friendship of Mr. Grainger during his life, and an affectionate testimonial of his worth after his death. Well might this gentleman boast of his pupil, for his attainments as a scholar were the admiration of all who knew him. Accordingly, when he entered college, his classical knowledge was perceived to be of the most respectable kind, and an unremitting application to study added daily to his literary stores. A scholarship soon became vacant, and he spent his days and nights in preparing himself to become a candidate for it. But his health sunk alarmingly under these exertions, and after all he was obliged to decline the competition. The general examination followed; and believing it to be essential to his future progress, that on this occasion he should at all events confirm, and if possible, excel his previous reputation, he renewed his exertions in the midst of indisposition and weakness, and though limited to a fortnight to prepare himself for what had occupied the attention of others during the whole term, and obliged on the six days of examination, to support himself by strong medicines, he persevered in his purpose, and obtained the object of his ambition:—"he was pronounced the first man of his year." But the honour was dearly purchased—life was the price he was to pay.

To repair his shattered health, he now took a journey to London, but the effect was not favourable to him. On his return to college, therefore, he was advised to relax a little in his studies; but how little he did in reality relax, will be apparent from the following mode in which he arranged the labours of each day:—"Rise at half-past five. Devotions, and walk, till seven. Chapel and breakfast, till eight. Study and lecture, till one. Four and a half, clear reading. Walk, &c. and dinner, and

Woollaston, and chapel, to six. Six to nine, reading, three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten." In the exercises of this year he was highly successful. He was again pronounced the first at the great college examination, and one of the three best theme writers. He was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a Senior Wrangler's degree. He excited the highest hopes throughout the whole university, and every honour seemed to be within his reach. He was flattered by the distinction conferred on him,—his ambition prompted him still to excel—and though his days were full of pain, and his nights sleepless and agitating, he still pursued his studies with unceasing assiduity.

The consequences were such as might have been anticipated.—The little health left to him perceptibly declined,—and he was sunk in mind to the very depth of wretchedness. When the long vacation arrived, he again visited London; but the kindness of his college having provided him with a tutor during this interval, he neither relaxed from his studies, nor suffered himself to enjoy the quiet of retirement, or of his mother's home. On his return to college, therefore, he was in a worse state than when he left it. His frame was now totally shaken, and his mind appeared to be worn out. His great anxiety was to conceal his situation from his mother and brother, and while enduring agony he was holding out to them hopes of amendment. His brother, however, was informed of his danger by a friend, and hastened to Cambridge, but when he arrived, he found Henry delirious. The unhappy youth recovered sufficiently to know him for a few moments; the next day he sunk into a stupor, and on Sunday, 19th October, 1806, expired. It was the opinion of his physicians, that if he had lived, his intellects would have been affected.—He was buried in All-Saint's Church, Cambridge, where a monument sculptured by Chantrey, has been placed by Mr. Francis Boott of Boston, in America.

After his death his papers were consigned to the care of Mr. Southey, who selected from them the letters, poems, and essays, in the following pages. This selection comprehends but few of many papers on law, electricity,

language, history, chronology, and divinity, and of various unfinished tragedies, translations, and poems, which he had found time to write, in the course of a very few years.

These are the scanty incidents which compose the life of Henry Kirke White, the consideration of which leads us so strongly to regret his untimely fate. In the midst of our regrets, however, it is impossible to refrain from expressing our wonder that during a short life of twenty one years, he should have written so much, and so well. His mind, indeed, seems to have been inexhaustible—difficulties beset him, but only to stimulate to farther exertion and to be uniformly overcome. His talents were not confined to one branch of knowledge or of study—they were directed to many branches, and with almost equal success. And it adds to our wonder that these stupendous efforts were in reality performed by a youth who was frequently the victim of sickness and suffering. What has occupied the long lives of men of genius was the work of the chequered morning of existence which dawned on the unfortunate White. Never, perhaps, in any other author has such a combination of high talent, moral worth, and unceasing assiduity, been displayed.

With regard to his merits as an author there can be little difference of opinion. He excelled every other young writer of his time, and holds no mean rank among modern poets. Had he reached a more mature age, there is every reason to believe, that both as a poet and a writer of prose he would have been placed in the first rank of English authors. The most remarkable quality in his writings has been very correctly pointed out by Mr. Southey, to be his uniform good sense. Besides this quality, however, at all times a desirable, and in youth a rare one—White's writings were distinguished by other merits of a superior kind. Though originality does not appear very strongly depicted in his verses, there is often great sweetness, and not unfrequently very correct and powerful descriptions of nature. To sublimity he does not aspire,—and in deep pathos he is certainly deficient ;—but his fancy is elegant, almost always poetical, often animated, and in some instances

even vigorous. The general character of his writings, however, is correct thinking, amiable feeling, polished taste, and a chasteness of expression which often delights and never offends.

As a son and a brother, enough has been already said to show that Henry Kirke White may have been equalled but never was excelled. And as a man and a Christian, his character will be easily drawn from the letters, prayers, and hymns, which flowed from his pen. As a young writer who possessed genius without its eccentricities, whose undeviating rectitude of principle was always fearlessly expressed, and who, adorned by great talents and acquirements, might have produced salutary effects on the morals of his countrymen, we have to deplore his loss,—and while we bow with submission to the decree of Providence, which deprived the land of one of its ornaments, we may be permitted to point to the following pages, with mingled feelings of exultation and regret, and to take our leave of the gentle being, whose merits must long live in our remembrance, in the poetic lines of Wordsworth:—

“Thou soul of God’s best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these * * * * *
Are all that must remain of thee!”

P R E F A C E

TO THE

F I R S T E D I T I O N

The following attempts in verse are laid before the public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour in their amusements; and these Poems were most of them, written to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid interval of studies of a severer nature.

Πας το οικειον εργον αγαπα. "Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrte; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these The

facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition ; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in the charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago when the author was in his sixteenth year.—The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes, that “ To an Early Primrose,” was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date. The Sonnets are chiefly irregular ; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn ; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigour, the painted butterfly whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

H K. WHITE.

Nottingham.

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,
THE FOLLOWING
TRIFLING EFFUSIONS
OF
A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE,
ARE,
BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED
BY HER GRACE'S
MUCH OBLIGED
AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

INSCRIPTION

By WILLIAM SMITH, Esq.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, CAMBRIDGE,

*On a Monumental Tablet, with a Medallion by Chantrey,
erected in All-Saints' Church, Cambridge, at the expence
of Francis Boott, Esq. of Boston, United States.*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

Born March 21st, 1785; Died October 10th, 1806.

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful Poet came;
Unconquer'd powers, th' immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd:
Pale o'er his lamp and in his cell retired,
The Martyr Student faded and expired.
O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
Too early lost, midst duties too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale and showed what White had been,
Nor told in vain—far o'er the Atlantic wave,
A Wanderer came and sought the Poet's grave;
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

W. S.

LINES BY LORD BYRON.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly slee
But living Statues there are seen to weep
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

I.

Thou simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
Has served to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,
When even pain has own'd and smiled,
Its fascinating power.

II.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou and I must shroud
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

III.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

IV.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar;
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train;
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

V

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,
I, still unknown, may live with thee;
And gentie zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
Beneath the alder tree.

TO MY LYRE.

VI.

This little dirge will please me more
 Than the full requiem's swelling peal ;
 I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
 For me, that from some kindred eye
 The trickling tear should steal.

VII.

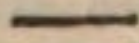
Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
 Perhaps from me debarr'd :
 And dear to me the classic zone,
 Which snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,
 Adorns the accepted bard.

VIII.

And O ! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
 Where Cam or Isis winds along,
 Perchance, inspired with ardour chaste,
 I yet might call the ear of taste
 To listen to my song.

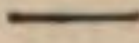
IX.

Oh ! then, my little friend, thy style
 I'd change to happier lays,
 Oh ! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
 And through the long, the fretted aisle,
 Should swell the note of praise.



CLIFTON GROVE.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.



Lo ! in the west fast fades the lingering light,
 And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
 No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
 Which with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke ;
 No more hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
 The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed ;

Still'd is the village hum,—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow ;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate ;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire ;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin ;
Now, now my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, bless'd Clifton ! thy sublime domain
Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower
I come to pass the meditative hour.
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh ! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh !
Genius of woodland shades ! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire.
And thou too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo ! what forms appear !
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career !

The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail.

This gloomy alcove darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls, endearing to my altered mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And fancy led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare
The vollied lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smiled.
Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live is to be bless'd.
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the gray owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.
Congenial calms more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre dress'd,
To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days.

Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above th' embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide
Dim is my upland path,—across the green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds
Where knots of blue bells droop their graceful heads
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze

Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.
Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms!
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is bless'd, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss.
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain :
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me :
For me yon waving fields their burden bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight !
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne ; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumines the misty scene ;
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade

Behind me, lo ! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social faggot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised ;
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car :
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made ;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.

* The constellation Delphinus. For authority for this
appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti. B. xi. 113.

Now ceased the long and monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturbed by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night:
Or where the village ale house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name.
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here, when hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect dress'd:
'Twas here, reclining, I indulged her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat!
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive!
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,
And thou too, gay seducer, art *thou* fled?
Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe,
Yet thou could guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems;
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams;
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light.
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to their pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain:
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,
Unmoved, their fairest prospects fade away;
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom
To glide the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So in these shades the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows,

So falls untimely on the desert waste ;
 Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd, whate'er the upland heights display,
 Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way ;
 Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
 The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
 And oh ! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,
 That winds the margin of the solemn flood !
 What rural objects steal upon the sight !
 What rising views prolong the calm delight !
 The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
 The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
 The woody island, and the naked mead,
 The lowly hut half-hid in groves of reed,
 The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
 And frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile.
 Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
 Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
 High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
 And mournful larches o'er the wave impend
 Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
 What glimmering scenes salute my ravish'd eyes ?
 Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
 The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head.
 And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind
 Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
 Still every rising sound of calm delight
 Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
 Save when is heard between each dreary rest,
 Discordant from her solitary nest,
 The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon ;
 Now riding, cloud wrapp'd near her highest noon ;
 Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
 And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
 Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
 Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
 The tragic legend, till the woodland rung !
 That tale, so sad ! which, still to memory dear,
 From its sweet source can call the sacred tear

And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades,--these trees that woo the wind,
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid,
The beauteous Margaret; for her each swain
Confess'd in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead
Attuned to gaiety his artless reed,
No more entwined the pansied wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck,
But listless, by yon bubbling stream reclined,
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went.
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here deep hidden from the glare of day.
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky,
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementos of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fallen honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,

Yet Bateman came not;—o'er the woodland drear
 Howling portentous, did the winds career;
 And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
 The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;
 The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
 Paused for a moment,—Margaret listen'd pale;
 But through the covert to her anxious ear,
 No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.
 Strange fears now fill'd her breast, she knew not why.
 She sigh'd and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
 She hears a noise,—'tis he!—he comes at last,—
 Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:
 But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
 Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound:
 'Tis Bateman'sself,—he springs into her arms,
 'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
 "Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
 And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
 And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,
 Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
 Say, what is wrong?"—Now through a parting cloud,
 The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,
 And Bateman's face was seen:—'twas deadly white,
 And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
 "Oh, speak, my love!" again the maid conjured,
 "Why is this heart in sullen wo immured?"
 He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
 Thrice from his lips th' unfinish'd accents fell;
 When thus at last reluctantly he broke
 His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:
 "Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,
 I on these fields must cast my parting glance;
 For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
 I go to languish in a foreign land.
 Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
 Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
 Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
 Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
 And on the silken couch of wealth reclined,
 Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?,"

“ Oh ! why,” replies the maid, “ my faith thus
prove,
Canst thou ! ah, canst thou then, suspect my love ?
Hear me, just God ! if from my traitorous heart,
My Bateman’s fond remembrance e’er shall part,
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin’d then drag me from my perjured bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps !”*

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two ;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides.
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
“ This binds the vow,” she said, “ this mystic charm,
No future recantation can disarm,
The right vindictive does the fates involve,
No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve.”
She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan’d, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the Lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view’d those portents with dismay :
But gently Bateman kiss’d her fears away ;
Yet still he felt conceal’d a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill’d his heart.

When in the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led,
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief :
The third her bosom own’d the kind relief :
Absence had cool’d her love—the impoverish’d flame
Was dwindling fast, when lo ! the tempter came ;

* This part of the Trent is commonly called “ *The Clifton Deep*s.”

He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!

Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime,
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim.
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of wo;
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair,
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot,)
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's * arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband

Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest'd.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless—As the midnight came
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright.

And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started dismay'd, from its unthinking rest
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They show the path down which the fair was borne,
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear,
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellow gloom upon the woods ;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound ;
This, and the deepening glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume :
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart
Bind thee, bless'd Clifton ! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove ! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where ' Oswego's swamps' obstruct the day ;
Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side ;
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranced with Pyrenean views ;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.
When Splendour offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,

Reject the boon, and wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once
more,

Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
And tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting band;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blasts of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lone spectre on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

GONDOLINE;

A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight!
Tho' love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard in Fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face ;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye;
" Oh ! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
" Oh ! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top
The deadly night shade hung ;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
That clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad:
Yet still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her roa .

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came;
She followed, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd ; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve wither'd witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too ; and red,
 And fiercely flamed their eyes :
 And they were muttering indistinct
 Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopp'd ; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil.
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: and said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve.
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And raised a devilish rout;
She laugh'd so loud, that peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too in that same bark,
A father and his son ;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and wo-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast, and wept;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see ;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
And it was soft and fair :
It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands
And his face grew deadly blue :
And his father he tore his thin grey hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue

And then she told how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away :
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead,
The sailors their strength did urge ;
But the billows that beat were their winding sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun : She said she had done
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplished a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman him against
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had work'd the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor.
And she raised her pallid head.
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed.

And said, My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp bright knife,
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she screamed aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the piercing scream
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,
She struggled hard and fought ;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose ; She said she'd been
To holy Palestine ;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above her knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had played.

There was a gallant featured youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane :—and thought
Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurred his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed :
And soon all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two.
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their sockets,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas Bertrand's head ! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled—the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay,
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose,—and wild
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rush'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

In the Morning before Day-break

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems:—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through you I raise my solemn thoughts to Him
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"
Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear.
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh ! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds ! Almighty God !
Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works !
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence ?—Thou canst:
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh ! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear !
How vain ambition ! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-paced night ?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature ?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health ? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek ?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave ?
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign ?
Alas ! how vain are mortal man's desires !
How fruitless his pursuits ! Eternal God !
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh ! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling,—All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT
THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

Occasioned by a situation in a Romance.

MARY, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,
The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake,
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight
On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low,
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,
To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night.—O ! then, as lone reclining,
I listen'd sadly to the dismal storm.
Thou on the lambent lightnings wild careering
Didst strike my moody eye ;—dead pale thou wert,
Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,
And oh ! thy voice it rose so musical,
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd,
Sunk on his rocking throne to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.

Spirit of her !

My only love !—O ! now again arise,
And let once more thine aery accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely
swelling
On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody ;—and high above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,

Shows her chaste face in the meridian sky,
 No wicked elves upon the WARLOCK-KNOLL,
 Dare now assemble at their mystic revels;
 It is a night, when from their primrose beds,
 The gentle ghosts of injured innocents
 Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,
 Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,
 And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.
 The spirit of my love might now awake,
 And hold its custom'd converse.

Mary, lo!

Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave
 And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows
 On his wan cheek will soon sweep over him
 In solemn music a funereal dirge,
 Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale,
 The worm that play'd upon thy youthful bloom,
 It canker'd green on his.—Now lost he stands,
 The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew,
 Which bathes his aching temples gives sure omen
 Of speedy dissolution.—Mary, soon
 Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
 And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY.

A Letter in Hudibrastic Verse.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place,
 Where I, one of the rhyming race,
 Pursue my studies CON AMORE,
 And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
 Upon the house's topmost height,
 A closet just six feet by four,
 With white wash'd walls and plaster floor,
 So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
 To admit a single chair or table:

And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold ;
So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose ;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back ;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs ;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant ;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler ;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions ;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em,
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls,
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves ;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellows destitute of snout ;
And on the walls,—Good Heavens ! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals ;
(For I was once a-building music.
Though soon of that employ I grew sick ;)

And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there,
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head ONCE stood;
But who it was the able master
Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it aught of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto Homer,
Because they both have beards, which, you know,
Will mark them well from Joan, and Juno.)
For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior TO men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground
For though confined, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 'twill contain them all;
And should it e'er become so cold
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give,
I shall not then be fit to live.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's
 sway
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

—
SONNET I.

TO THE RIVER TRENT.

Written on Recovery from Sickness.

Once more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge
 A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
 From the close sick-room newly let at large.
 Wooes to his wan worn cheek the pleasant gale

O! to his ear how musical the tale
 Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat!
 And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,
 How wildly novel on his senses float!
 It was on this that many a sleepless night,
 As lone he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
 And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
 The owl's dull wing, and melancholy scream,
 On this he thought, this, this his sole desire,
 Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland
 choir

SONNET II.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
 Where, far from cities, I may spend my days
 And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
 May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways,
 While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
 But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
 And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
 I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
 And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET III.*

*Supposed to have been addressed by a female lunatic
 to a Lady.*

Lady, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,
 And thou art fair. and thou like me, art young;

* This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnet,
 "occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic," writ-
 ten by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.

Oh! may thy bosom never, never know
The pangs with which my wretched heart is
 wrung.

I had a mother once—a brother too—
 (Beneath yon yew my father rests his head :)
I had a lover once,—and kind and true,
 But mother, brother, lover, all are fled!
Yet, whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye?
 Oh! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,
The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,
 And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.
Go thou and pluck the roses while they bloom—
 My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET IV.

Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet Dermody in a Storm, while on board a Ship in his Majesty's Service.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
 Successive fly, and the loud piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
 While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclined
Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
 His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
Of wife and little home, and chubby lad.
And the half strangled tear bedews his eyes,
 I, on the deck musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
 For not for me shall wife or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
 Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

SONNET V.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far,
 The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
 The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,
 And darkness will involve thee,—No kind star
 To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war
 Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
 Will often ring appalling—I portend
 A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
 Thoughts, Traveller, of thee will fill my head,
 And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
 And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
 His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

SONNET VI.

By CAPEL LOFFT, Esq.

This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this Volume and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, mis-nomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much respected writer, for the permission so politely granted to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

Ye, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
 "Severest of those orders which belong,
 Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
 Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
 And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
 Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the
 throng

The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
 Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong
 The SONNET, by adorning with a name
 Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet,

Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
 Of that so varied and peculiar frame,
 O think! to vindicate its genuine praise
Those it beseems, whose LYRE a favouring impulse sways.

SONNET VII.

Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant Admonition.

Let the sublimer muse, who, wrapp'd in night,
 Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
 Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
 Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight,
 Let her, who more ferocious strains delight,
 Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
 And scorn to its wild cadence to conform,
 The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
 But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
 Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade
 With wildest song;—Me, much behoves thy aid
 Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
 And give it power to please, as soft it flows
 Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

SONNET VIII.

On hearing the Sounds of an Æolian Harp.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
 Of the infuriate gust, it did career,
 It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer.
 And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died,
 Melting in melody;—and I descried,
 Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
 Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
 Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied;

Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
 Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
 By unseen beings sung ; or are these sounds
 Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
 By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
 Keeping his night-watch sad portending death ?

 SONNET IX.

What art thou, MIGHTY ONE ! and where thy seat ?
 Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
 And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
 The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet,
 Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
 Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dread noon,
 Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
 Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
 In the drear silence of the polar span
 Dost thou repose ? or in the solitude
 Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
 Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
 Vain thought ! the confines of his throne to trace
 Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

 A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds
 Ye pelting rains a little rest :
 Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
 That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh ! cruel was my faithless love,
 To triumph o'er an artless maid ;
 Oh ! cruel was my faithless love.
 To leave the breast by him betray'd

When exiled from my native home,
 He should have wiped the bitter tear ;
 Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
 A heart-sick onely wanderer here,

My child moans sadly in my arms,
 The winds they will not let it sleep:
 Ah, little knows the hapless babe
 What makes its wretched mother weep.

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
 I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
 Harsh is thy father, little one,
 And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,
 And winds were piping o'er me loud,
 And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
 Were nestling in thy mother's shroud!

THE LULLABY

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE
 NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

Sleep, baby mine,* enkerchieft on my bosom,
 Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
 Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
 To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
 Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled:
 Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
 And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
 When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be:
 Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
 In her low grave of shame and infamy!

* Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning 'Sleep, baby mine'

Sleep, baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,
 And I would snatch an interval of rest :
 Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
 For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

—
 ODE,*

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, Esq.

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

Mighty magician ! who on Torneo's brow,
 When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
 Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light,
 That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below ;
 And listen to the distant death shriek long
 From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
 Which rises slowly up the rocky steep.
 While the weird sisters weave the horrid song.
 Or when along the liquid sky
 Serenely chant the orbs on high,
 Dost love to sit in musing trance,
 And mark the northern meteor's dance,
 (While far below the fitful oar
 Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,)
 And list the music of the breeze,
 That sweeps by fits the bending seas ;
 And often bears with sudden swell
 The shipwreck'd sailors funeral knell,
 By the spirits sung, who keep
 Their night-witch on the treacherous deep,
 And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye
 To Helice in northern sky
 And there upon the rock reclined
 With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
 Such as bound in magic spell
 Him † who grasp'd the gates of Hell,

* The following seventeen poems were written during
 or shortly after the publication of Clifton Grove

† Dante

And bursting Pluto's dark domain,
Held to the day the terrors of his reign.
Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him * thy darling child, who best
Thy shuddering images expressed?
Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurned the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.
Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep:
And oh! for ever must its efforts sleep,
May none the Mystic sceptre e'er regain?
Oh yes, 'tis his!—Thy other son;
He throws thy dark-wrought tunic on,
Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravished eyes,
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep
Where round his head the vollied lightnings flung,
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung.
Woo'd the stern infant to the arms of sleep;
Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulph bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-sob, and, disclaiming rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.
Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe struck sight
The savage feast and spectred fight;

And summon'd from his mountain tomb
 The ghastly warrior son of gloom.
 His fabled Runic Rhymes to sing,
 While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing,
 Thou showd'st the trains the shepherd sees,
 Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
 Which on the mists of evening gleam,
 Or crowd the foaming desert stream;
 Lastly her storied hand she waves,
 And lays him in Florentian caves;
 There milder fables, lovelier themes,
 Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,
 There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
 And draws the half-reluctant tear;
 And now at noon of night he roves
 Along the embowering moonlight groves,
 And as from many a caverned dell
 The hollow wind is heard to swell,
 He thinks some troubled spirit sighs,
 And as upon the turf he lies,
 Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
 He sees below the gliding sprite.
 And hears in Fancy's organs sound
 Aerial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and-smoothes the whole,
 And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
 Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,
 The wondrous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams:—The shadow flies,
 And fainting fast the shadow dies,
 But lo! the Painter's magic force
 Arrests the phantom's fleeting course,
 It lives—it lives—the canvass glows,
 And tenfold vigour o'er it flows,
 The Bard beholds the work achieved,
 And as he sees the shadow rise,
 Sublime before his wondering eyes,
 Starts at the image his own mind conceived

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

I. 1.

Retired, remote from human noise,
 An humble Poet dwelt serene;
 His lot was lowly, yet his joys
 Were manifold, I ween
 He laid him by the brawling brook
 At eventide to ruminate,
 He watch'd the swallow skimming round,
 And mused in reverie profound,
 On wayward man's unhappy state, [date.
 And ponder'd much, and paused on deeds of ancient

II. 1.

"Oh, 'twas not always thus," he cried,
 "There was a time, when Genius claimed
 Respect from even towering Pride,
 Nor hung her head ashamed:
 But now to wealth alone we bow,
 The titled and the rich alone
 Are honoured, while meek Merit pines,
 On Penury's wretched couch reclines,
 Unheeded in his dying moan. [known.
 And overwhelmed with want and wo, he sinks un-

III. I.

"Yet was the Muse not always seen
 In Poverty's dejected mien
 Not always did repining rue,
 And misery her steps pursue.
 Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced,
 By the sweet honours of poetic bays.
 When Sidney sung his melting song,
 When Sheffield join'd the harmonious throng,
 And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays,
 Those days are gone—alas, for ever gone!
 No more our nobles love to grace
 Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
 But arrogantly deem the muse as base; [race!"
 How different thought the sires of this degenerate

I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel :—still at eve
The upland's woody shades among
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song.
And still his shame was aye the same.
Neglect had stung him to the core ;
And he with pensive joy did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er,
And vow that he would join the abjured world no
more.

II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be !
Fame brought Carlisle unto his view,
And all amazed, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2.

Ah ! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hopes to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer !
Ah ! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flashed across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a single solitary beam,
While all around remained in custom'd night.
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illume the heavy gloom with pure and steady light

DESCRIPTION
OF
A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies,
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits ;
And oft with his accustom'd call,
Urging on his sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall,
Here comes shepherd Jack at last.
He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor :
His empty wallet ROVER carries,
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries,
With lolling tongue he runs to try,
If the horse trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans :
In the hovel-carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field ;
The horses are all bedded-up,
And the ewe is with the tup,
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess
Are set to eat their supper mess ,

And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madame did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the ale house drunken Ned
Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Come, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell
In some retired Lapponian cell,
Where, far from noise and riot rude,
Resides sequester'd Solitude.
Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes,
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still,
The morning in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.

There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among,
Her gale transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embower'd
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below ;
Or the heifer's frequent low ;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one who died for love.
Or when the noontide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where in th' embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us on the marge reclin'd,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke ;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers rising near
Still on the still reposing ear:
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the croaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft

And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore,
Till the full soul brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear.
Or else, serenely silent, sit
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night;
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's persuasive spell,
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne.)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While in the castle's mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull Silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping, in their airy pall,
The unshriv'd ghosts, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance;

While around the mystic ring
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapp'd in mists, along the sky.
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,
Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
And show to fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
And oh, as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing, ruin'd maid—
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of woe or Fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone, romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail,
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Court the echoings of our feet;

While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call
And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

O D E

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

Oh ! thou who, in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Were wont to win my infant feet,
To some retir'd, deep fabled seat,
Where by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide;
Or lay me in some lonely glade,
In native Sherwood's forest shade,
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there, as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little heart away,
And all my pictures represent,
Of siege and solemn tournament:
Or bear me to the magic scene,
Where clad in greaves and gaberdine,
The warrior knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee.

And bore the high-born dame away,
 Long held the fierce magician's prey;
 Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
 Of murders, and of goblins pale,
 Haunting the guilty baron's side,
 (Whose floors with secret blood were dyed)
 Which o'er the vaulted corridore,
 On stormy nights was heard to roar,
 By old domestic, waken'd wide
 By the angry winds that chide:
 Or else the mystic tale would tell,
 Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

* * * * *

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

I.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
 My dear, my long-lost native home.
 Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
 Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
 Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land;
 Each place, each province I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband.
 But all their charms could not prevail,
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

II.

Of distant climes the false report
 It lured me from my native land;
 It bade me rove—my sole support
 My cymbals and my saraband.
 The woody dell, the hanging rock,
 The chamois skipping o'er the heights:
 The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
 And, oh! a thousand more delights,
 That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
 Have backward won my weary feet

III.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
 No more my little home I'll leave;
 And many a tale of what I've seen
 Shall wile away the winter's eve.
 Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land;
 Each place, each province I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband;
 But all their charms could not prevail,
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

LINES,

Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in
 Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to
 Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published:—"It
 has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the im-
 pression of its melancholy close. I could have wished,
 as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been
 otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than
 its sweets delight it."

Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!"
 Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;
 Preach to the storm, and reason with Despair,
 But tell not Misery's son **THAT LIFE IS FAIR.**

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
 And every year with new delight hast told,
 Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
 Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,
 THOU may'st extol life's calm untroubled sea,
 The storms of misery never burst on **THEE.**

Go to the mat where squalid Want reclines,
 Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines.
 Abide with him whom Penury's charms control,
 And bind the rising yearnings of his soul,

Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch **THAT LIFE IS FAIR!**

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled;
Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His muttering mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;
But now neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;
Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on,
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of Fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is **WONDROUS FAIR!**

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,
T' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only show
Her fairer side but little mix'd with wo.

WRITTEN
IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Sad solitary THOUGHT, who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind ;
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome ; while all around,
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness ;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yea, 'tis the hand
Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion ; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die ;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,
And Disappointment still pursued her blandishments,
Yet I do feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futuraity.
Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness ; and it is hard

To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
 Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
 And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
 Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
 Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
 Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
 Of busy London:—Some short bustle's caused,
 A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
 And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
 The men of future times will careless tread,
 And read my name upon the sculptured stone:
 Nor will the sound familiar to their ears,
 Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
 For better things!—I hoped I should not leave
 The earth without a vestige:—Fate decrees
 It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
 Henceforth, oh, world, no more of thy desires!
 No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!
 I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
 And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
 Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for heaven.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Come, Anna! come, the morning dawns,
 Faint streaks of radiance tinge the sky:
 Come let us seek the dewy lawns,
 And watch the early lark arise;
 While Nature clad in vesture gay,
 Hails the loud return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade
 Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
 And then secure beneath the shade
 We'll listen to the throstle's tale.

And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
That with its tones so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noontide heat;
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

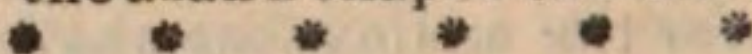
And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again we'll come—
And thou to thy soft lute shall play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

— — —
V E R S E S.

When pride and envy, and the scorn
Of wealth my heart with gall imbued,
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence in the solitude!
To hear the forest bee on wing,
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,
To lie and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan.
Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet
Or wonder where he stray:
So to the woods and waste I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower,
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.
And when the Autumn's withering hand,
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,

I'll to the forest caverns hie:
 And in the dark and stormy nights
 I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
 Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
 Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
 Or, as it drifted soft and slow,
 Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.



EPIGRAM

ON

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

Bloomfield, thy happy omen'd name
 Ensures continuance to thy fame:
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,
 While FIELDS shall BLOOM, thy name shall live !



ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still,
 Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,
 But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
 Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,
 My candle waning melancholy by,
 I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb, that through the ether sails,
 And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
 Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,
 To her, while all around in sleep recline,
 Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
 And sing the gentle honours of her name ;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
 To lift my soul her fairy vision sends,

And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,
And Superstition's gentle terrors come,—
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!
See round yon church-yard elm what spectres
throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,
My flageolet—and as I pensive play,
The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene;
The traveller journeying o'er the moors,
Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull owl pours
Her hollow screams each pause between.)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light,
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
And, 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to Heaven, and weep

—

ODE TO THOUGHT.

Written at midnight.

I.

Hence away, vindictive Thought!
Thy pictures are of pain:
The visions through thy dark eye caught,
They with no gentle charms are fraught,
So pr'ythee back again.
I would not weep,
I wish to sleep,
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?
Is this thy new delight?
Pale visitant, it is not thine
To keep thy sentry through the mine.

The dark vault of the night :
 'Tis thine to die,
 While o'er the eye
 The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly

III.

Go thou, and bide with him who guides
 His bark through lonely seas ;
 And as reclining on his helm,
 Sadly he marks the starry realms.
 To him thou may'st bring ease :
 But thou to me
 Art misery, [pillow flee
 So pr'ythee, pr'ythee, plume thy wings, and from my

IV.

And, Memory, pray what art thou ?
 Art thou of pleasure born !
 Does bliss untainted from thee flow ?
 The rose that gems thy pensive brow,
 Is it without a thorn ?
 With all thy smiles,
 And witching wiles, [files
 Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway de-

V.

The drowsy night watch has forgot
 To call the solemn hour ;
 Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,
 While I in vain, capricious Sleep,
 Invoke thy tardy power ;
 And restless lie,
 With unclos'd eye,
 And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

G E N I U S.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

Many there be, who, through the vale of life,
With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
While jarring Discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to wo.
By them unheeded, carking Care,
Green-eyed Grief, and dull Despair,
Smoothly they pursue their way.
With even tenor and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy and through sunny day
Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping Wo, and Disappointment keen,
Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
And self-consuming Spleen.
And these are genius' favourites: these
Know the thought-throned mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wilderer Rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius. from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being and his thirst for praise

Thou giv'st to him with treble force to feel
 The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn ;
 And what o'er all does in his soul preside
 Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
 His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
 That Genius visit not your lowly shed ;
 For, ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife
 Distract his hapless head !
 For him awaits no balmy sleep,
 He wakes all night, and wakes to weep ;
 Or by his lonely lamp he sits
 At solemn midnight when the peasant sleeps,
 In feverish study, and in moody fits
 His mournful vigil keeps.

II. 2.

And, oh ! for what consumes his watchful oil ?
 For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath ?
 'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
 'Tis for untimely death.
 Lo ! where dejected pale he lies,
 Despair depicted in his eyes,
 He feels the vital flame decrease,
 He sees the grave wide yawning for its prey,
 Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
 And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Salmo's bard of mournful fame,
 By gentle Otway's magic name,
 By him, the youth who smiled at death,
 And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,
 Will I thy pangs proclaim ;
 For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
 Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
 And far-resounding Fame.

What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
 And to thy posthumous merit bend them low ;
 Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
 And though at thy flash'd car dost nations draw,
 Yet, ah ! unseen behind thee fly
 Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
 And discontent that clouds the fairest sky ;
 A melancholy train.
 Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
 Mocking thy derided state ;

Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
 Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
 And leaves thee all forlorn :
 While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
 And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
 And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
 With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
 Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
 To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering
 in his grave.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
 A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
 Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
 Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.
 Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
 Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
 It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
 And through my lofty casement weaves,
 Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
 An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dewa that on my temples hang,
 This quivering lip these eyes of dying fame.

These the dread signs of many a secret pang,
 These are the meed of him who pants for fame .
 Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my sou.
 Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high ;
 My lamp expires ;—beneath thy mild control,
 These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
 Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
 And breathe the soul of peace!
 Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
 It is not pain that brings this tear,
 For thou hast bid it cease.
 Oh ! many a year has pass'd away
 Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
 Attuned my infant reed ;
 When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
 Those happy moments now no more—

* * * * *

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
 And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
 Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
 To inspire my trance.
 Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
 Your magic sweets on me to shed,
 In vain your powers are now essay'd
 To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb ?
 So sweetly pleasure flies,
 So to mankind, in darkness lost,
 The beam of ardour dies.
 Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,
 And now encurtain'd in the main
 Thou sinkest into rest ;
 But I, in vain, on thorny bed,
 Shall woo the god of soft repose—

* * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Loud rage the winds without — The wintry cloud
O'er the cold north star cast her flitting shroud ;
And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,
Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale;
Where now, shut out from every still retreat,
Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,
Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,
Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood ?
Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance
The drifted fleeces that around him dance,
And hurries on his half-averted form,
Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.
Him soon shall greet his snow-topp'd cot of thatch,
Soon shall his 'numb'd hand tremble on the latch,
Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame
Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame ;
Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,
While merry groups of vacant faces crowd ;
These hail his coming—these his meal prepare,
And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What though the social circle be denied,
Even Sadness brightens at her own fireside,
Loves, with fix'd eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,
While musing Memory dwells on former days ;
Or Hope, bless'd spirit! smiles—and still forgiven,
Forgets the passport, while she points to Heaven.
Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air,
And from its station wheel the easy chair :
Thus fenc'd and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet
To hear without the bitter tempest beat,
All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,
The pensive tenant of obscurity.



FRAGMENT.

Oh, thou, most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
And, while thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
Even when life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.
Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth
Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd,
And dropp'd a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
I knew would never stay, till all consumed,
In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.
But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
Insidious ravisher, I saw thee fly
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
Preparing swift her passage to the sky.
Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
And dissolution hover'd o'er her head:
Even then so beauteous did her form appear,
That none who saw her but admiring said,
Sure so much beauty never could be dead.
Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye;
Bent lowly down upon the languid—

* * * * *

SONNETS.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, Esq.

Lofft, unto thee one tributary song
The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;
She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,
And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.
Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,
And to thy bosom snatch'd Misfortune's child;
Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,
Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire.
Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the lyre,
And show thy labours for the public weal.
Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme,
But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous
theme.

TO THE MOON.

Written in November.

Sublime, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail!
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge,
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay;
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous light,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, still unchanged, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring

WRITTEN

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Fast from the West the fading day-streak fly,
And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway,
Till here alone, unheeding time, I lie,
And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
Oh ! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd
The maid of musing by yon moaning wave,
And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd,
Seems sweetly sleeping on the silent grave !
The busy world pursues its boisterous way,
The noise of revelry still echoes round,
Yet I am sad while all beside is gay ;
Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
Oh ! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease,
And 'neath the green-sward sleep the sleep of peace.

TO MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune, I am young, my chin is bare,
And I have wondered much when men have told
How youth was free from sorrow and from care,
That thou shouldst dwell with me, and leave the old
Sure dost not like me !—Shrivell'd hag of hate !
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long ;
I am not either, Beldam, over strong ;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter hate.
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate,
I am yet young, and do not like thy face ;
And, lest thou shouldst resume the wild goose chase,
I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,
—Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

SONNET.

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,
(Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet
To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
The form of peace, if chance she sojourn there;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast; and, tired with vain coil,
I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
And as amid the leaves the evening air
Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight,
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight—On the globe dead slumber sits,
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep:
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roar fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return:
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad meaning tear unmixed with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb
Like thee I wane,—like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, MOTHER, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

SONNET.

Yes, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow.—
Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress.
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in the silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gav'st the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
 Consumption, lay thine hand!—Let me decay,
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.
 And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day
 Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
 O let the aërial music round my bed,
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear:
 That I may bid my weeping friends good-by
 E'er I depart upon my journey drear:
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

—

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
M. DESBARREAUX.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just; thou lov'st to wear
 The face of pity and of love divine,
 But mine is guilt—thou must not, canst not spare.
 While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.
 Yes, oh my God!—such crimes as mine, so dread,
 Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
 Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
 And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!
 Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,
 Bid from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
 Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
 I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
 But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,
 That has not first been drenched in Christ's atoning
 blood!

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,*

Who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked,

'If he did not feel for him.'

'DO I NOT FEEL?' The doubt is keen as steel;
 Yes, I do feel—most exquisitely feel.
 My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye,
 I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
 Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
 And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
 On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
 'TIS MAGNANIMITY TO HIDE THE WOUND!
 When all was new, and life was in its spring,
 I lived an unloved solitary thing;
 Even then I learn'd to bury deep from day
 The piercing cares that wore my youth away:
 Even then I learn'd for others' cares to feel;
 Even then I wept I had not power to heal;
 Even then, deep-sounding thro' the nightly gloom,
 I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the wretched's
 doom.

Who were my friends in youth?—The midnight fire—
 The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;
 To these I 'plained, or turn'd from outer sight,
 To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;
 I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
 For vulgar pity mix'd with vulgar scorn;
 The sacred source of wo I never ope,
 My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope.
 But that I do feel, Time, my friend, will show,
 Though the cold crowd the secret never know;
 With them I laugh—yet, when no eye can see,
 I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
 Yes, thou didst wrong me, * * * ; I fondly thought,
 In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought!

* The thirteen Poems which follow are of a later date than the preceding

I fondly thought, that thou couldst pierce the guise,
 And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
 I fondly thought ere Time's last days were gone,
 Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
 Yes—and they will yet mingle. Days and years
 Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
 We then shall feel that friendship has a power
 To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;
 Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
 And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,

H. K. WHITE.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

1804.

Yet once more, and once more, awake my Harp,
 From silence and neglect—one lofty strain,
 Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
 And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,
 I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,
 Would join the dirge of the departing year.
 Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
 Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,
 Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now;
 Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song
 And fearful joy, to celebrate the day
 Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
 Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
 Of generations, since the day-spring first
 Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty mass,
 Of that increasing aggregate we add
 One unit more. Space, in comparison,
 How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;
 Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,

Over the nations hanging her dread scourge :
 The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
 Weeping their sufferance ; and the arm of wrong,
 Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
 And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been character'd with wo
 In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes
 Yet 'twas not thus He taught—not thus He lived,
 Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
 And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
 Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
 Yet borne with patience still :—He came to cheer
 The broken hearted, to raise up the sick,
 And on the wandering and benighted mind
 To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
 O more than angel teacher ! He had words
 To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds :
 And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
 Wrapp'd in thick darkness and the howling storm,
 He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
 Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile,
 At the surrounding wreck.—
 When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
 Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
 For THEM He wept, for THEM to Heaven He pray'd,
 His persecutors—' Father, pardon them,
 They know not what they do.

Angels of Heaven,

Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
 And did him homage, say, may mortal join
 The hallelujahs of the risen God ?
 Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
 Amid the seraphim in light divine ?
 Yes, he will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
 For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
 Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
 The Christ, the Comforter, thine Advent now
 Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly

Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
 The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes—
 And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

* * * * *

NELSONI MORS.

Yet once again, my Harp, yet once again,
 One ditty more, and on the mountain ash
 I will again suspend thee. I have felt
 The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
 At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,
 I woke to thee the melancholy song.
 Since then with THOUGHTFULNESS, a maid severe,
 I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks
 Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;
 Not unrepining, for my froward heart
 Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow
 Of spring gales past—the woods and storied haunts
 Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more,
 Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
 My long-neglected Harp.—He must not sink;
 The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
 No precious dew of Aganippe's well,
 Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud
 I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse:
 Yet will I wreath a garland for his brows,
 Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
 Of Britain, my loved country; and with tears
 Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe
 Thy honour'd corse, my NELSON—tears as warm
 And HONEST as the ebbing blood that flow'd
 Fast from thy HONEST heart.—Thou, Pity, too,
 If ever I have loved, with faltering step,
 To follow thee in the cold and starless night,

To the top crag of some rain-beaten cliff;
 And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
 Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
 Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
 The dying soul's VIATICUM; if oft
 Amid the carnage of the field I've sate
 With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
 To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
 With mercy and forgiveness—visitant
 Of Heaven—sit thou upon my harp,
 And give it feeling, which were else too cold
 For argument so great, for theme so high.
 How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
 'Kerchief'd in mists, and tearful, when—

* * * * *

H Y M N

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to
 endure the splendours of the Deity.

I.

Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

II.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
 Where, where, oh! where, shall man retire,
 To escape the horrors of his ire?

III.

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly.
While the dread tempest passes by:
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

IV.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

V.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow:
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

VI.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside,
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

VII.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.*

* The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by Henry, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing it as he was used to do on such occasions.

H Y M N
FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

I.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

II.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

III.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
As we before thee pray:
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they

IV.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace!

V.

Thus chasten'd, cleaved, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine,
In glory on our head.

VI.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way:
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

THE
STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

I.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

III.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,—
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

IV.

Deep horror, then, my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

V.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

VI.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O Lord, my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn !
 To thee I call, to thee I cry.
 O leave me, leave me not to die !

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
 I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy LAW;
 The hour is past—the day's gone by,
 And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
 But thorns about my bleeding brow !
 Spectres that hover round my brain,
 And aggravate and mock my pain

For pleasure I have given my soul;
 Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll !
 Now Vengeance smile—and with a blow
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,
 I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing
 I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
 Even me, oh bliss !—his wrath may spare.

—
MELODY.

Inserted in a Collection of Selected and Original Songs,
 published by the Rev. J. Plumptre, of Clare Hall,
 Cambridge.

I.

Yes, once more, that dying strain,
 Anna, touch thy lute for me ;

SONG.

95

Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
Doubly sweet is melody,

II.

While the Virtues thus enweave
Mildly soft the thrilling song,
Winter's long and lonesome eve
Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

III.

Thus when life hath stolen away,
And the wintry night is near,
Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
Age's closing evening cheer.

—

SONG.

BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional Stanza written by him at the bottom of the Song here copied.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time on me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died

H. K. WHITE'S POEMS

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,—
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share.
That are so wondrous sweet and fair

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the Maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies;
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.]

H. K. WHITE.

I'M PLEASED AND YET I'M SAD

I

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit
To bliss am all alive

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why.
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

III.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan
Or pleasure's fading vest

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top;
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in heaven,
Released from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore, I am sad.

—
S O L I T U D E.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that hides my moan:
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone.
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

If far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love,
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear,
Ye sterner powers, that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
O teach me, when the nights are chill,
And my fire-side is lone and still;
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tired and pensive ear,
And Nature conquering bids me sigh,
For love's soft accents whispering nigh;

O teach me, on that heavenly road,
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams divine,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let bless'd Philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart ;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears
I list the music of the spheres,
Or on the mystic symbols pore,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,
I shall not brood on summers gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie !
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak !
Where art thou love!—Around I turn my eye,
And as I turn the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream? or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch?—Methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip : her eye was cold
And hollow, and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid !
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid
Yet, hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise ; and I know at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

F R A G M E N T S. *

I.

Saw'st thou that light? exclaim'd the youth, and paused
 Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream
 That skirts the woods, it for a moment play'd.
 Again, more light it gleam'd,—or does some sprite
 Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,
 And lamp far-beaming through the thicket's gloom—
 As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice
 Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,
 Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?
 No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows
 With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,
 Who, hidden long by the invidious veil
 That blots the Heavens, now sets behind the woods?
 No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea
 Of clouds beneath her, answer'd Rudiger,
 She has been sleeping with Endymion.

* * * *

II.

The pious man,

In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
 Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
 Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
 Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
 With intervening vapours; and looks down
 Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides

* These Fragments are Henry's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
 To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
 But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
 The glaring sunbeam plays.

 III.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel comes,
 And from his tower of mist,
 Night's watchman hurries down.

 IV.

There was a little bird upon that pile;
 It perch'd upon a ruin'd pinnacle,
 And made sweet melody.
 The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear,
 For other note none swell'd the air but his.
 It seem'd as if the little chorister,
 Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,
 Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,
 Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note
 Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,
 ————Much musing—

 V.

O pale art thou, my lamp, and faint
 Thy melancholy ray:
 When the still night's unclouded saint
 Is walking on her way.
 Though my lattice leaf embower'd,
 Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,
 And o'er my silent sacred room,
 Casts a checker'd twilight gloom;

I throw aside the learned sheet,
 I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.
 Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,
 Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
 And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards!
 Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
 Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd;
 So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud
 Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far
 From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

VI.

O give me music—for my soul doth faint;
 I'm sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark, how it falls! and now it steals along,
 Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
 When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
 As when the coral train their dirges weave,
 Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,
 O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows

Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
 Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
 And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
 Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
 Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

• • • •

VII.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
 Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
 Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue.
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
 The illusive past and dark futurity;
 Soon will they know—

* * * *

VIII.

And must thou go, and must we part?
 Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit;
 The pang that rends in twain my heart,
 Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it?

Thy sex is fickle,—when away,
 Some happier youth may win thy—

* * * *

IX.

SONNET.

When I sit musing on the chequer'd past,
 (A term much darken'd with untimely woes.)
 My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
 The tear, though half disown'd :—and binding fast,
 Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,
 I say to her she robb'd me of my rest,
 When that was all my wealth.—Tis true my breast
 Received from her this wearying, lingering smart,
 Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart.
 Though wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love,
 For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove

Vindictive joy ; and on my stern front gleams,
 Throned in dark clouds inflexible * * *
 The native pride of my much injured heart.

X.

When high romance o'er every wood and stream
 Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire,
 Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering dream,
 First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre ;
 All there was mystery then, the gust that woke
 The midnight echo with a spirit's dirge,
 And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,
 To their light morrice by the restless surge.
 Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,
 Too much * * *
 The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,
 And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

XI.

Hush'd is the lyre--the hand that swept
 The low and pensive wires
 Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.

Yes--it is still--the lyre is still ;
 The spirit which its slumbers broke
 Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that woke
 Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.

Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
 Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy ;
 Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour
 Mix'd with decaying odours ; for to me
 Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,
 As in the wood-paths of my native—

* * * *

XII.

Once more, and yet once more,
 I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
 I heard the waters roar,
 I heard the flood of ages pass away.
 O thou stern spirit, who dost dwell
 In thine eternal cell,
 Noting, gay chronicler! the silent years;
 I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,
 Thou spak'st, and at thy feet
 The universe gave way.

—
T I M E ; *

A POEM.

Genius of musings, who, the midnight hour
 Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
 Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
 Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance:
 Or when the vollied lightnings cleave the air,
 And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
 Sitt'st in some lonely watch tower, where thy lamp,
 Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
 And, 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
 Dost ponder on the awful scep, and trace
 The vast EFFECT to its superior source,
 Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
 For now I strike to themes of import high
 The solitary lyre; and borne by thee

* This Poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Crove, or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time !

HIM who, august

Was ere these words were fashioned,—ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
Or Vesper gilded the serener eye,
Yea, He HAD BEEN for an eternity !
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of desolation—ere his tones,
At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos' sluggish sentry, and evoked
From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulf, which now the muse,
Adventurous, would explore ;—but dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting place ;
He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat ;
High on the beetling promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest shapes,
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the great Architect, who lives confess'd
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine Philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,

Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
 His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
 Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
 Of poesy, a bloom of such a hue,
 So sober, as may not unseemly suit
 With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
 So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
 Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
 In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
 Is number'd with the generations gone.
 Yet not to me hath God's good providence
 Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought,
 Such as he owns,—a meditative man;
 Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
 Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
 Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
 From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
 With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
 Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
 Of steadfast application, but which leave
 No deep improving trace upon the mind.
 But be the day another's;—let it pass!
 The night's my own—They cannot steal my night!
 When evening lights her folding-star on high
 I live and breathe; and in the sacred hours
 Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
 Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
 And mounts the skies, and imp's her wing for Heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid;
 Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,
 And she shall aid me now to magnify
 The night of ages,—now when the pale ray
 Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,
 And, at my window seated, while mankind
 Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
 Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
 THOUGHT, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine
 Assumes her wonted sway.

* The Author was then in an attorney's office

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapp'd,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering
nurse,

Poor victim! smiles—Silence and deep repose
Resign o'er the nations: and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral:—tell us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapp'd around
With grave-clothes: and their aching restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee Shepherd* gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.

* Alluding to the first astronomical observations
made by the Chaldean shepherds

Yet in the Interim what mighty shocks
 Have buffeted mankind—whole nations razed—
 Cities made desolate—the polish'd sunk
 To barbarism, and once barbaric states
 Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
 Illustrious deeds and memorable names
 Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
 Of gray Tradition, voluble no more.
 Where are the heroes of the ages past?
 Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
 Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
 All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
 Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
 Sits grim FORGETFULNESS.—The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame:
 Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
 Was mighty on the earth.—To day—'tis what?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
 Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
 Safe in the charnel's treasures

Oh how weak

Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
 His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality,
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of eternity,
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison, a little point
 Too trivial for recount.—O, it is strange,
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,

And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
 Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson,—He SHOULD know
 That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
 That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
 Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
 The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
 Their memory bursts its fetters.

Where is ROME?

Sho lives but in the tale of other times;
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
 Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
 Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust
 But not to Rome alone has fate confined
 The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon and Troy,
 And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
 Half-razed from memory, and their very name
 And BEING in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?
 Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
 Of ignorance and sloth? and shall we dare

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

And empire seeks another hemisphere.
 Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd names,
 Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
 Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
 And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
 To primitive barbarity.—Again,

Through her depopulated vales, the scream
 Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
 And the scared native to the tempest howls
 The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
 Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
 Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
 Of distant billows, breaks along the void;
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone
 That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
 The bittern booming in the woods, he shrinks
 From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
 Sing in a language that hath perished;
 And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,
 Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
 Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
 Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
 Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
 Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
 Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the cliffs
 Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
 He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
 Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:
 Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
 Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
 At science in that solitary nook,
 Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
 And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
 Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
 And we are gone, The spoiler heeds us not.
 We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
 And as we fall, another race succeeds,
 To perish likewise —Meanwhile Nature smiles—
 The seasons run their round—The Sun fulfils
 His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
 Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel
 Endless mutation in perpetual rest.

Where are concealed the days which have elapsed?

Hid in the mighty cavern of **THE PAST**,
 They rise upon us only to appal,
 By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
 Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
 When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
 And the pale moon, that through the casement high,
 Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
 Of utter silence, it is fearful then
 To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
 Up the vague stream of probability ;
 To wind the mighty secrets of **THE PAST**,
 And turn the key of time!—Oh! who can strive
 To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
 Of the **ETERNITY THAT HATH GONE BY**,
 And not recoil from the dismaying sense
 Of human impotence? The life of man
 Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres :
 But the Eternal God had no beginning ;
 He hath no end. Time had been with him
 For **EVERLASTING**, ere the dædal world
 Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like him
 It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
 What is it then? The past Eternity!
 We comprehend a **FUTURE** without end ;
 We feel it possible that even yon sun
 May roll for ever: but we shrink amazed—
 We stand aghast, when we reflect that time
 Knew no commencement,—That heap age on age
 And million upon million, without end,
 And we shall never span the void of days
 That were, and are not but in retrospect.
 The Past is an unfathomable depth,
 Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
 Which had no mensuration, but hath been
 For ever and for ever.

Change of days

To us is sensible; and each revolve
 Of the recording sun conducts us on
 Farther in life, and nearer to our goal

Not so with Time,—mysterious chroucler,
 He knoweth not mutation ;—centuries
 Are to his being as a day, and days
 As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come
 Are always equal ; when the world began
 God had existed from eternity.

* * * * *

Now look on man

Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed ?
 Is he not standing in the self-same place
 Where once we stood ?—The same eternity
 Hath gone before him, and is yet to come ;
 His PAST is not of longer span than ours,
 Though myriads of ages intervened ;
 For who can add to what has neither sum,
 Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end ?
 Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind ?
 Who can unlock the secrets of the high ?
 In speculations of an altitude
 Sublime as this, our reason stands confess'd
 Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
 Who can apply the futile argument
 Of finite beings to infinity ?
 He might as well compress the universe
 Into the h^{ow} w compass of a gourd.
 Scoop'd out by human art ; or bid the whale
 Drink up the sea it swims in !—Can the less
 Contain the greater ? or the dark obscure
 Infold the glories of meridian day ?
 What does philosophy impart to man
 But undiscover'd wonders ?—Let her soar
 Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
 The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
 She but extends the scope of wild amaze
 And admiration. All her lessons end
 In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths

Lo ! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
 To raise his mind excursive to the heights
 Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
 On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,

What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys:
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and dubious of his path.
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village-mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far-streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchain'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly condemn the Lord of Hosts?

What is philosophy, if it impart
 Inreverence for the Deity, or teach
 A mortal man to set his judgment up
 Against his Maker's will? The Polygar,
 Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him
 Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
 Is the most bless'd of men! Oh! I would walk
 A weary journey, to the farthest verge
 Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
 Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
 Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
 Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
 Is as a child in meek simplicity!
 What is the pomp of learning? the parade
 Of letters and of tongues? even as the mists
 Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
 That pass away and perish.

Earthly things

Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
 'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
 Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream.
 Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
 And then record its downfall, what are they
 But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
 Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
 Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
 Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
 There is to God nor future nor a past;
 Throned in his might, all times to him are present;
 He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
 He sees before him one eternal Now.
 Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves,
 And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
 Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
 Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days;
 So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
 Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
 Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
 Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,

And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!

Are the illusions of this Proteus life ;
 All, all is false : through every phasis still
 'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
 The semblances of things and specious shapes ;
 But the lost traveller might as soon rely
 On the eva-ive spirit of the marsh,
 Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
 O'er bog and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
 As we on its appearances.

On earth

There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
 As well the weary mariner whose bark
 Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
 Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain,
 And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
 To expectation of serener skies,
 And linger in the very jaws of death,
 Because some peevish cloud were opening,
 Or the loud storm had bated in its rage
 As we look forward in this vale of tears
 To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
 Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
 The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
 Of mortal desolation.—He beholds
 Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
 Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
 Of dark Vicissitude. Even in death,—
 In that dread hour ; when with a giant pang,
 Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
 The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
 Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
 For it exists beyond the narrow verge
 Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys
 Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
 And rested on the bosom of its God.
 This is man's only reasonable hope ;
 And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,

Shall not be disappointed.—Even he,
The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.

Thou, proud man, look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud
The night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes
Will show thee myriads more innumerable
Than the sea sand;—each of these little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun
Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel, every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing!—Yet of thee the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn
His heavenly providence! Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.

How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour!
How poor, how trivial, in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!
God of the universe! Almighty One!
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reimest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man, I would address
To Thee my parting pæan; for of Thee,
Great beyond comprehension, who thyself

Art Time and Space, sublime Infinitude!
Of Thee has been my song—With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God ! my Father!—I will sing to Thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
Rise, Son of Salem ! rise, and join the strain,
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
And leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
And hallelujah, for the Lord is great
And full of mercy ! He has thought of man ;
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
Of we poor worms, that fatten in the dews
Of morn, and perish ere the noon-day sun.
Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful :
He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
To rage its hour and perish ; but on man
He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
The eagle falls from her ærial tower,
And mingles with irrevocable dust :
But man from death springs joyful,
Springs up to life and to eternity.
Oh, that, insensate of the favouring boon,
The great exclusive privilege bestow'd
On us unworthy trifles, men should dare
To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,
And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear,
In wrath, " They shall not enter in my rest " !
Might I address the supplicative strain
To thy high footstool, I would pray that thou
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him,
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dead sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.

Oh ! I shrink,
My very soul does shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when in vengeance clothed,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,
And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh ! how dread,
On the dark-eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven.
When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word !
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep !
The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey,
The bellowing floods shall disembody their charge
Of human victims—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop their risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Carribean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast * * * realm
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water ; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
Thou first shalt summon the elected saints,
To their apportion'd Heaven ! and thy Son,
At thy right hand shall smile with conscious joy
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pangs.
Then shalt thou seize the avenging scimitar,
And, with a roar as loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode,
Down the immitigable gulf, to wail
And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

* * * *

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
 Thy flag on high!—Invincible and throned
 In unparticipated night. Behold
 Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway
 Sweep headlong to destruction; thou, the while,
 Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush
 Of mighty generations, as they pass
 To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
 Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
 Who shall contend with Time—unvanquished Time,
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
 Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
 The hours and days, and years and centuries,
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall,
 The young are old, the old are in their graves.
 Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies,
 It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,—
 Again! 'tis hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd—
 In the vast multitude now reigns alone
 Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
 All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
 Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
 Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength,
 But do thou know the season yet shall come.
 When from its base thine adamant throne
 Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
 When saints shall shout, and TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.
 Yea, he doth come—the mighty champion comes,
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death wound,
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
 And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
 Lo! where he cometh—the Messiah comes;
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ.—He comes
 To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
 The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
 Rings o'er the heavens! They rise, the myriads rise—
 Even from their graves they spring and burst the chains
 Of torpor.—He has ransom'd them. * * *

Forgotten generations live again,
 Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
 Beyond the flood:—the righteous of their times
 Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
 The sainted mother wakes—and in her lap
 Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
 And heritor with her of Heaven,—a flower
 Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
 Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
 And hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
 They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
 Again more loud—the hallelujah's swell;
 The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
 They glow—they burn; and now with one accord
 Burst forth sublime from every mouth the song
 Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
 Who bled for mortals.

* * * * *

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace
 Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
 When from the crowd, and from the city far,
 Haply he may be set (in his late walk
 O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
 Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
 And with fix'd eye, and wistful, he surveys
 The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,
 And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
 Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
 Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
 And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
 Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
 Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

* * * * *

CHILDHOOD;*

A POEM.

PART I.

Pictured in memory's mel'owing glass, how sweet
 Our infant days, our infant joys to greet ;
 To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
 The village church-yard, and the village green,
 The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
 The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn shade,
 The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
 And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew.
 How sweet, while all the evil shuns to gaze,
 To view th' unclouded skies of former days !

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
 When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles.
 When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
 Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
 Bless'd Childhood, hail !—Thee simply will I sing,
 And from myself the artless picture bring ;
 These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
 Each humble friend, each PLEASURE now no more,
 And every stump familiar to my sight
 Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat ;
 Here did I love at evening to retreat,
 And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
 Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light,

* This appears to be one of the Author's earliest productions • written when about the age of fourteen.

Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys ;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore,
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh ! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought ;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy ;
Bless'd memory, guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view ;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind ;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
Staid was the dame and modest was her mien ;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean :
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care ;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane ;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn
When I was first to school reluctant borne,
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd ;

And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wished my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have passed thro' life

Where, in the busy scene, by peace unblest'd,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles,
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmix'd delight,
To thee I turn from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,

When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race:
While others seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
For banners to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind:
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her specctales would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish geer,
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound,
When tired with play, we'd set us by her side
(For out of school she never knew to chide)—
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she show'd with pride
To stranger, still her thriftiness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well beloved, our play
To chat at home the vacant hour away;
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring;
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we rung our hands and wept.

Sad was the tale, and wonder much did we,
 Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
 Poor simple wights, ah ! little did we ween
 The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene !
 Ah, little thought that we ourselvesshould know,
 This world's a world of weeping and of wo !

Beloved moment ! then 'twas first I caught
 The first foundation of romantic thought ;
 Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
 Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
 Soon stored with much of legendary lore,
 The sports of childhood charm'd my soul no more.

Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
 Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
 I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
 And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
 While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
 The days of wild romance antique I'd scan ;
 Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
 To realm' of light, and pierce the radiance there

* * * *

PART II.

There are, who think that Childhood does not share
 With age the cup, the bitter cup of care :
 Alas ! they know not this unhappy truth,
 That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
 Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find ;
 At every step has farther cause to know,
 The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with wo

Yet in the youthful breast for ever caught
 With some new object for romantic thought,

The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood !—then does thought's control
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul ;
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart !
And care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence,
We feel a void no joy can recompense,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pang's repentant bid thee wake to weep.
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife.
Yet even round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine ;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.
When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow !
There in each breast each active power dilates,
Which broils whole nations, and convulses states :
There reigns by turns alternate, love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate ;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet contentment rests without her cell,

And there, mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, O George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands—in amity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on favourite Logar's brow,
And trace below each well-remembered glade,
Where arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar,
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretched out to save;
See thee convulsed, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend;
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.
Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut;
I see thee, spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh! that thou couldst, from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road,
That thou couldst see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering breeze
Conveys his voice and sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the gray mist of the sullen eve:
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe,

While deathly silence reigns upon the globe ;
Yet ah ! whence comes this visionary scene ?
'Tis Fancy's wild aerial dream I ween ;
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight !
She waves her hand, and lo ! what forms appear !
What magic sounds salute the wondering ear !
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead ;
While present sorrow's banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moonbeam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight ;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy.
Which bright thro' Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd ;
She wept, she felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed ;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes :
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd ;
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sunbeam glancing play'd,

And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
 Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
 We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
 Reviving Nature hail'd returning day;
 Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads,
 And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
 While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
 The birds sung pæans to the source of light:
 Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
 Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
 And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
 Could trace him in his high aerial tour;
 Though on the ear, at intervals, his song
 Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
 And we have thought how happy were our lot,
 Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
 Where from the peep of day, till russet eve
 Began in every dell her forms to weave,
 We might pursue our sports from day to day,
 And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done,
 We to the gloomy glen were wont to run;
 There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
 The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
 And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore,
 Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
 Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
 Sung wo unto the wicked land—and wept;
 Or, fancy-led—saw Jeremiah mourn
 In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
 Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
 With Plato talk in his Ilyssian grove;
 Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose,
 Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
 The ancient legends of our native land—
 Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
 And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair.
 By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd,
 Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,

And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom;
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour the strain of wo.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's knell,
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind!)
Even then we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening, too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day:
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sigh'd mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The gray-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church-bells' mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides;
The craggy rock, that jutt'd on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all, was pregnant with divine delight.
We loved to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade.
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—

Or saw, wide-stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
Hugely terrific — But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of wo.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me toward the goal;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine.—Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Croesus with his wealth.
Yet grieve not I, that Fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me;
She gave me more, she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleased—with little bless'd:
I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse?
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale star's visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primæval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot

Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot—
 Again compels to plunge in busy life,
 And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
 Are turn'd for ever from this loved retreat,
 Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er,
 My eyes are closed to ope on them no more,
 Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
 One long, one last affectionate adieu.
 Grant that, if ever Providence should please
 To give me an old age of peace and ease—
 Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
 May wear away in gradual decays;
 And oh! ye spirits, who unbodied play,
 Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
 Kind genii of my native fields benign,
 Who were * * * *

FRAGMENT

OF AN

ECCENTRIC DRAMA.

Written at a very early Age.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

I.

Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Merry, merry, go the bells,
 Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
 "Swinging slow with sullen roar,"
 Dance, dance away the jocund roundelay!
 Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away,

2.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
 Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
 The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
 So merrily, merrily foot it round.
 Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Merry, merry go the bells,
 Swelling in the nightly gale,
 The sentry ghost,
 It keeps its post
 And soon, and soon our sports must fail
 But let us trip the nightly ground,
 While the merry, merry bells ring round

3.

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
 See, see, the winding sheet!
 Our dance is done,
 Our race is run,
 And we must lie at the alder's feet.
 Ding-dong, ding-dong,
 Merry, merry go the bells,
 Swinging, o'er the weltering wave.
 And we must seek
 Our death-beds bleak,
 Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

They vanish—The Goddess of Consumption descends, habited in a sky-blue Robe, attended by mournful Music.

Come, Melancholy, sister mine!
 Cold the dews, and chill the night!
 Come from thy dreary shrine!
 The wan moon climbs the heavenly height,
 And underneath the sickly ray,
 Troops of squalid spectres play,
 And the dying mortals' groan
 Startles the night on her dusky throne

Come, come, sister mine;
 Gliding on the pale moon-shine;
 We'll ride at ease,
 On the tainted breeze,
 And oh! our sport will be divine.

*The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep
 Glen in the rear, habited in Black, and covered
 with a thick Veil—She speaks.*

Sister, from my dark abode,
 Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
 Hither I come, at thy command:
 Sister, sister, join thy hand!
 Sister, sister, join thy hand!
 I will smooth the way for thee,
 Thou shalt furnish food for me.
 Come, let us speed our way
 Where the troops of spectres play.
 To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
 Where Death sits with a horrible leer,
 A lasting grin, on a throne of bones,
 And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
 Come, let us speed away,
 Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
 I will smooth the way for thee,
 Thou shalt furnish food for me;
 And the grass shall wave
 O'er many a grave,
 Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
 Join our hands, and spread our tether!
 I will furnish food for thee,
 Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
 And the grass shall wave
 O'er many a grave,
 Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist ! who comes here ?
 Oh ! I know her by that tear.
 By that blue eye's languid glare,
 By her skin, and by her hair :
 She is mine,
 And she is thine,
 Now the deadliest draught prepare

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air dress'd,
 I will creep into her breast;
 Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
 And feed on the vital fire within.
 Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
 When they sparkle most, she dies !
 Mother, do not trust her breath,—
 Comfort she will breathe in death !
 Father, do not strive to save her,—
 She is mine, and I must have her ;
 The coffin must be her bridal bed !
 The winding-sheet must be her bed !
 The whispering winds must o'er her sligh,
 For soon in the grave the maid must lie,
 The worm it will riot
 On heavenly diet,
 When death has deflower'd her eye.

[*They vanish.*

• *While CONSUMPTION speaks, ANGELINA enters.*

ANGELINA.

With* what a silent and dejected pace
 Dost thou, wan Moon ! upon thy way advance

* With how sad steps, O moon ! thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently and with how wan a face !

SIR P. SIDNEY.

In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its thick fringe thy couch? Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine!—Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st;
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness—my journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.
O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.—Oh! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And dark vicissitudes!—Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assured, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they're pleased to call
So beautiful, should die so soon.—And tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek.

Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
 Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
 Might envy me my rest!—And as for them,
 Who, on the score of former intimacy,
 May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
 Successive fall.

Around the winter fire

(When out a-doors the biting frost congeals,
 And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
 Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
 His graceful evolutions) they not long
 Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
 Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
 Shall drop into their shrouds.—Some, in their age,
 Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
 And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.
 Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
 Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
 And dwell with me, a happy family.
 And oh! thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
 Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
 Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
 And say that I was gentle, and deserved
 A better lover, and I shall forgive
 All, all thy wrongs;—and then do thou forget
 The hapless Margaret, and be as bless'd
 As wish can make thee—Laugh, and play, and sing,
 With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

* * * *

TO A FRIEND.

Written at a very early age.

I've read, my friend, of Dioclesian,
 And many other noble Grecian.

Who wealth and palaces resign'd,
In cots the joys of peace to find;
Maximian's meal of turnip-tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops,)
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a cursed egregious blunder,
As that a man of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence,—
Forsake the loved Aonian maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,
I never, either now or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense;
That one who learning's joy had felt,
And at the muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And, metamorphosed to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck.
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A parson giving charity,—
A truly pious methodist preacher,—
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not stared at thy backsliding:
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum too,
And wonder what this world will come to.

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts hast prudence known,

H. K. WHITE'S POEMS.

L I N E S

READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

Age Fourteen.

Oh, Warton! to thy soothing shell
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie;
And catching all the Muse's fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire.

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime!
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever lovely lines.

Thy Muse deserves the lasting meed;
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the sylvan scenes appear
Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.

But ah! the soothing scene is o'er,
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.
Now, now the rising fire thrills high.
Now, now to heaven's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore.

The soul entranced, on mighty wings,
With all the poet's heat up-springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till all alarm'd at the giddy height,
The Muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

Written at the Age of Fourteen.

I.

Ill fated maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound to
heal?

II

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to wo?
What can induce them in that rout to go,
In which innumerable before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and wo-begone.

III.

Yet can I ask what charms in these are found ;
I, who have drank from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Aonian hill ?

I, through whose soul the Muse's strains aye thrill
Oh ! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied ;
And though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

TO LOVE.

I,

Why should I blush to own I love ?
'Tis Love that rules the realms above
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall ?

II.

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd ?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love ?

III.

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell ?
Such weakness I would ever prove -
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.

THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

I.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy.

II.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

III.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

V.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy

F R A G M E N T.

_____ The western gale,
 Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
 Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved,
 Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
 I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat:
 While rippling o'er his deep-worn pebble bed,
 The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
 Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
 Full many a floweret rears its head,—or pink,
 Or gaudy daffodil,—'Tis here, at noon,
 The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
 And lave them in the fountain; here secure
 From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport:
 Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
 Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
 Invoke the god of slumber. * * *

And, hark! how merrily, from distant tower,
 Ring round the village bells! now on the gale
 They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
 Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
 Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak
 A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
 Commix'd along the unfrequented shore,
 The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
 Startling the musing ear of Solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
 When happy Superstition, gabbling eld!
 Holds her unhurtful gambols—All the day
 The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
 On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
 Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
 And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
 They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
 Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,

Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon
Tell of uncharnell'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the 'nighted traveller ; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deepening glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance !

Thou art fall'n man's best friend ! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek ; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

Even now, as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refined affords—Even now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life :

The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attain'd, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay,
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

ODE:

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY

Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
And now they die upon the veering breeze;
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore,
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
A day of jubilee.
An ancient holiday.

And lo! the rural revels are begun,
And gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green,
Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 'tis but an hour since they,
Who now are in their graves,
Kept up the Whitsun dance.

And that another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

Mortals! be glad some while ye have the power—
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

— to the woodland solitude will bend
My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreperous shout

Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad reflection's shrine:

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.

CANZONET.

I.

Maiden wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast
Why should Horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

II.

Maiden ! once gay pleasure knew thee,
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep.
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet poor maiden, do not weep :
There's rest for thee
All under the tree
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM ON DESPAIR.

Some to Aonian lyres of silver sound
Withwinning elegance attune their song,

Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony :
'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen
Roving through Fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure
Pleasure of days to come.—Memory, too, then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return.*

Such subjects merit poets used to raise
The attic verse harmonious; but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.

'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can
Of him before whose blast the voice of Song,
And Mirth, and Hope, and Happiness all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind :
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murderer's heart,
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half utter'd, half suppress'd—

'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,
And warlike triumph : but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror,

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures
of Hope and of Memory.

Hence, then, soft maids,
 And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
 By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream :
 For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for powers
 Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine ;
 'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends.

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
 Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
 And all the myriads of the burning concave ;
 Souls of the damned:—Hither, oh ! come and join
 The infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing !
 He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang
 Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair
 Repeat the sound and celebrate his power ;
 Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
 Till the loud pæan ring through hell's high vault,
 And the remotest spirits of the deep
 Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

TO THE WIND,

AT MIDNIGHT.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
 Blasts of the night ! ye howl as now
 My shuddering casement loud
 With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
 The howling sweep, the sudden rush.
 And when the passing gale
 Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

• • • • •

THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

Silence of death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void fore-runs a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her
naked breast.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;
But Nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know what this silence means;
I know what the raven saith—
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma with gray side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;

And, hark! how the harp's unvisited strings
 Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
 'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
 He will never set more to the brave;
 Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
 For to-morrow he hies to the grave.

THANATOS.

Oh! who would cherish life,
 And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
 Love this rude world of strife,
 Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;
 And where 'neath outward smiles,
 Conceal'd the snake lies feeding on its prey,
 Where pitfalls lie in every flowery way,
 And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
 Hateful it is to me,
 Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
 I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
 Dinning the ear:—away—away with life!
 And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
 Who in some foggy vault art laid,
 Where never daylight's dazzling ray
 Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
 And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,
 In such forgetful slumbers deep,
 That all thy senses stupified,
 Are to marble petrified.
 Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!
 Sweet are thy calms to misery.
 Poppies I will ask no more,
 Nor the fatal hellebore;
 Death is the best, the only cure,
 His are slumbers ever sure.
 Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
 In whose solemn fretted gloom

I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great.
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument:
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chant a vesper to my soul:
Thus how sweet my life will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with Death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where Nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky,
And sorrows ever rise
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!

But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality,
Hail the Heavenly bowers of peace!
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,

Where no passing tempest lowers !
 But the azure heavens display
 The everlasting smile of day ;
 Where the coral seraph choir
 Strike to praise the harmonious lyre ;
 And the spirit sinks to ease,
 Lull'd by distant symphonies.
 Oh ! to think of meeting there
 The friends whose graves received our tear,
 The daughter loved, the wife adored,
 To our widow'd arms restored ;
 And ail the arms which death did sever,
 Given to us again for ever !
 Who would cling to wretched life,
 And hug the poison'd thorn of strife ;
 Who would not long from earth to fly,
 A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
 When the glorious prospect lies
 Full before his raptured eyes ?

 MUSIC.

*Written between the ages of Fourteen and Fifteen,
 with a few subsequent verbal alterations.*

Music, all powerful o'er the numan mind,
 Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
 Sooth anxious Care on sleepiess couch reclined,
 And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm

At her command the various passions lie,
 She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace ;
 Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,
 And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
 With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise !

Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire
Urge on the warrior gray with length of days.

Far better she, when, with her soothing lyre,
She charms the falchion from the savage grasp,
And melting into pity vengeful Ire,
Looses the bloody breastplate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm Seclusion's hermit-walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,
And pleased Attention claims the passive mind

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic in the varied swell:
Now breathe melodious as the Greclan lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul.
With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
For ever 'neath your undefiled control.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

ODE
TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent.

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

VIRGIL.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating song.
Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,

And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon !
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity :
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh Harvest
Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes,
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound ;
Oh ! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy !
God of the Winds ! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blustering
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo :
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head ;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapp'd in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon.

S O N G,

Written at the Age of Fourteen.

I.

Softly, softly blow, ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

II.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry.
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh

III.

Still he sleeps: he will not waken,
Fastly closed is his eye;
Paler is his cheek, and chiller
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas! he is dead,
He has chose his death-bed
All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Couldst thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.

Thou bid'st me seek
 Thy death-bed bleak
 All along where the salt waves sigh.

V.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
 On thy breast I'll lay my head,
 And the winds shall sing our death-dirge
 And our shroud the waters spread;
 The moon will smile sweet,
 And the wild wave will beat,
 Oh ! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

THE
 SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG
 TO THE NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night !
 I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
 Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
 Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
 The distant main is moaning low :
 Come, let us sit and weave a song—
 A melancholy song !

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
 And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
 But sweeter far the solemn calm,
 That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year
 And never human voice have heard,
 I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
 A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
 From sultry noon's hot beam ; and I
 Have knelt before my wicker door,
 To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve so sweet,
As while upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace ;
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aërial voices answer me ;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife ;
And Fancy gives me back my child ;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whispering of the boding trees,
The brooks eternal flow, and oft
The Condor's hollow scream.

SONNET.

Sweet to the gay of heart is Summer's smile,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring ;
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
It is for me to strike the Idalian string—
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of furies ring,
And melancholy waste the vital fire?
Away with thoughts like these—To some lone cave
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the
wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse
Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

ON

BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL

ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

Written at the age of Thirteen.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise ;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gaily ushers in the light ;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs :
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,

And far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours ;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shine,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.
How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise ;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among ;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower ;
But, ah ! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes ;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen !
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove ;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty :
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Thee do I own the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace ;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My every thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures

With accurate monotony : that so
The good things of the world may be my lot.
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, oh ! I was not made for money-getting ;
For me no much-respected plum awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied — For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropp'd from my senseless fingers as I pictured,
In my mind's eye how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe ;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With every wind to every point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction ; yea, amid
The busy bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Ay, Contemplation, even in earliest youth
I woo'd thy heavenly influence ! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear: for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn,
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My opening mind was ductile then, and plastic,
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,

Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
 But it has now assumed its character;
 Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
 Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
 Yet still, oh, Contemplation! I do love
 To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
 With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
 In thee alone delighting. Why along
 The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
 When, with an easy competence content,
 I can alone be happy; where with thee
 I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
 And loose the wings of Fancy?—Thus alone
 Can I partake of happiness on earth;
 And to be happy here is man's chief end,
 For to be happy he must needs be good,

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

I.

Sweet scented flower! who are wont to bloom
 On January's frost severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume!
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow,
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song:
 And sweet the strain shall be and long,
 The melody of death.

2.

Come, funeral flower! who lovest to dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

Come, press my lips, and lie with me
 Beneath the lowly alder tree,
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a care shall dare intrude,
 To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

3.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine,
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead :
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

TO THE MORNING.

Written during Illness.

Beams of the day-break faint ! I hail
 Your dubious hues, as on the robe
 Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
 I mark your traces pale.
 Tired with the taper's sickly light,
 And with the wearying, number'd night,
 I hail the streaks of morn divine :
 And lo ! they break between the dewy wreathes
 That round my rural casement twine.
 The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes ;
 It fans my feverish brow,—It calms the mental strife,
 And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.
 The lark has her gay song begun,
 She leaves her grassy nest,
 And soars till the UNRISEN SUN
 Gleams on her speckled breast.

Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
Now through the custom'd wood walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild briars bend,
Till on the mountain's summit gray,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heaven! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast!
My sunk eye gleams: my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colours dress'd.

Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view;
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state,
They shun the clear blue face of Morn;
Along the fine cerulean sky,
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy fields adorn.

And hark! the thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves
The slow team creeks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting sithe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
 Beneath these clumps of trees,
 The early dawn of day to greet,
 And catch the healthy breeze,
 Than on the silken couch of Sloth
 Luxurious to lie?
 Who would not from life's dreary waste,
 Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
 An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
 The morning's pleasures o'er,
 Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
 To open on him no more.
 Yet, Morning! unrepining still
 He'll greet thy beams awhile;
 And surely thou, when o'er his grave
 Solemn the whispering willows wave
 Wilt sweetly on him smile;
 And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
 Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

ADDRESSED (DURING ILLNESS) TO A LADY.

Dear Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
 To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself.
 'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
 And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
 But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
 I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun:
 For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
 She won't be a cynical father confessor,

Come, come, 'twill not do! put that purling brow
 down;
 You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.

Well, first I premise, its my honest conviction,
 That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
 Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm:
 Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform;
 THIS moment a fop, THAT, sententious as Titus;
 Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus!
 Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle;
 Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;
 Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
 To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
 But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild:
 As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
 Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
 I show no respect where I never can feel it,
 And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it,
 And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
 I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
 That this proud heart of mine is not fashioned like steel
 It can love (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
 And it's friendly enough, though in friends it be poor.
 For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
 If it have not RIPE virtues, I'm sure it's the SEEDS;
 And though far from faultless, or even so-so,
 I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss;
 Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss;
 I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
 But in process of time I may get the wrong way,
 I'm a GENERAL LOVER, if that's commendation,
 And yet can't withstand, YOU KNOW WHOSE fascination
 But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
 In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
 So as for the GOOD, why, if I possess it,
 I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
 And after your every art you have tried,

Whatever my faults I may venture to say,
 Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
 I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I'm clear;
 And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
 And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
 'Tis now when I swear—————* *

ODE

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

1.

Come, Disappointment, come!
 Not in thy terror clad;
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow resign'd my peaceful cypress twine.

2.

Though Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,
 Hears with faint eye, the lingering knell,
 That tells her hopes are dead,
 And though the tear
 By chance appear,
 Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

4.

Come, Disappointment, come,
 Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe were sent from heaven,

To wean me from the world :
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die

4.

What is this passing scene !
A peevish April day !
A little sun—a little rain.
And then night sweeps along the plain
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5.

Oh, what is Beauty's power ?
It flourishes and dies ;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies ?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall ;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

6.

The most beloved on heart
Not long survives to-day ;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

7.

Then since this word is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,

Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys:
 And cares and sorrows eat ?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be
 still ?

8.

Come, Disappointment come !
 Thou art not stern to me ;
 Sad Monitress ! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say,—My God, thy will be done !

On another paper are a few lines written probably in
 the freshness of his disappointment.

I dream no more—the vision flies away,
 And Disappointment * * * *
 There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
 My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
 Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below ;
 Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome wo,
 Plunge me in glooms * * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits ; he became
 pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness.
 On his recovery he wrote the following lines in the
 church-yard of his favourite village.

 L I N E S

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

longg Here would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
 Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in.

Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance, did Gray
Frequent as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.

Come, I will sit and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-worm
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swathed down with ozers, just as sleep the cottiers.
Yet may not UNDISTINGUISHED be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspired they sit.
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance BELOW,
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low thoughted world of darkling wo,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom.

And spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the VILLAGE ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting place of death. I've seen
The labourer returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where even cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close.
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?) yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release

THE CHRISTIAD.

A DIVINE POEM.

BOOK I.

I.

I sing the Cross!—Ye white robed angel choirs
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires
Were wont, of old, your hovering watch to keep,
Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme.

II.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled state,
Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground!
Fallen is thy pride!—Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly sound,
And frolic pleasures stripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
While stern Destruction laughs, as if in scorn
That thou didst dare insult God's eldest born

And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
 Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
 Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire
 That came to light the world, in one great flash expire.

IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipp'd in living light,
 To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
 Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
 To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore;
 While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
 And Heaven enraptured lists the loud acclaim!
 May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
 May he to human ears his weak song frame?
 Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name.

V

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders, come!
 Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float,
 And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
 And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
 And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
 Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
 Whose mild eyes 'lumined what Isaiah wrote,
 Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
 And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
 Satan o'ercome, fell down! and 'throned there,
 The Son of God confess'd, in splendour shone:
 Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
 Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

* * * * *

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare
 Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
 Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his head.

VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulph which late
 The rude Messagetæ adored, he bent

His northering course, while round in dusky state,
 The assembling fiends their summon'd troops augment;
 Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they went,
 While, as they pass'd to regions more severe,
 The Lapland sorcerer swell'd with loud lament
 The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
 The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near,

VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude
 Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around,
 There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,
 Form a gigantic hall, where never sound
 Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound
 The smoke frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye
 Thrones him,—and, fix'd on his primæval mound,
 Ruin, the giant sits; while stern Dismay
 Stalks like some wo-struck man along the desert way.

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
 No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
 The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
 Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night
 (Sweet interchange, which makes our labours light
 Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
 The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
 Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
 And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise

X.

'Twas there, yet shuddering from the burning lake,
 Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
 When parting, last he fondly hoped to shake
 Messiah's constancy,—and thus to free
 The powers of darkness from the dread decree,
 Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
 The unerring ways of Him whose eye can see

The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering obscured the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropp'd on the echoing ice Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prank'd with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-toss'd,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute;
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began
His fierce harangue:—"Spirits! our better days
Are now elapsed; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks!—The astonish'd nations gaze,
For us is lifted high the avenging rod!
For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God!

XIV.

"What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
Drop from his unnerved arm the hostile spear?

Madness! The very thought would make me fain
 To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
 And hurl them at their Maker!—Fix'd as fate
 I am his Foe!—Yea, though his pride should deign
 To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
 Still would I burn with fix'd, unalterable hate.

XV.

“Now hear the issue of my cursed emprize,
 When from our last sad synod I took flight,
 Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep laid disguise,
 To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
 His own self-condemnation; in the plight
 Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
 Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
 And leaning on my staff, seem'd much to guess
 What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

XVI.

“Then thus in homely guise I featly framed
 My lowly speech:—‘Good Sir, what leads this way
 Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be blamed
 That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?
 Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
 Nor trace of man have seen; but how! methought
 Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
 I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
 That he to fallen man the saving promise brought.’

XVII.

“‘I am that man,’ said Jesus, ‘I am He,
 But truce to questions—Canst thou point my feet
 To some low hut, if haply such there be
 In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
 With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
 For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
 Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
 And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
 Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing
 near.’

XVIII.

"Then thus I answer'd wily:—' If indeed,
 Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
 For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones feed,
 Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
 And living rills from yon parch'd rock will break.'
 Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
 Fix'd on my face;—the blood forsook my cheek,
 I could not bear his gaze;—my mask slipp'd by;
 I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power to fly.

XIX.

"Then he rebuked me with the holy word—
 Accursed sounds! but now my native pride
 Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,
 I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
 Up to the summit, where extending wide,
 Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
 Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,
 And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
 Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

XX.

" ' Behold,' I cried, ' these glories! scenes divine!
 Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays!
 And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
 If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
 Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
 Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
 Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways!
 Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain, [gain.
 Kneel, kneel, thou man of wo, and peace and splendour

XXI.

" ' Is it not written,' sternly he replied,
 ' Tempt not the Lord thy God!' Frowning he spake,
 And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,

Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
 And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,
 The sidelong volley met my swift career, [quake
 And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might
 At such a fall; my sinews crack'd and near
 Obscure and dizzy clouds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

XXII.

“ Senseless and stunn'd I lay; till, casting round
 My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
 Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
 By volant angels; and as sailing slow
 He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
 While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam,
 Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
 Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
 On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream

XXIII.

“ I saw blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
 I smote the ether with my iron wing,
 And left the accursed scene.—Arrived at length
 In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
 The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
 Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
 O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
 Defiance at his Maker, while array'd,
 High o'er the walls of light, rebellion's banner play'd!

XXIV.

“ Yet shall not Heaven's bland minion triumph long,
 Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight
 Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,
 I see wild Agony's lean finger write
 Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
 Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
 Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,
 Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries!
 He faints—he falls—and lo!—'tis true, ye powers, he
 dies.’

XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain,—and as he view'd
 The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced
 And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
 While under his uplifted shield he glanced,
 With shining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,
 On viewless air;—thither the dark platoon
 Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save where there
 danced
 The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
 Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks.—The breeze
 Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
 When all the midnight gasping from the seas
 Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands
 High on the shrouds the spirit that commands
 The ocean-farer's life;—so stiff—so sear
 Stood each dark power;—while through their nu-
 merous bands
 Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
 Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
 Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
 Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
 His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
 His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
 From his pale quivering lip, but died away
 For very fury; from each hollow cell
 Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,
 And * * * * *

XXVIII.

“This comes,” at length burst from the furious chief,
 “This comes of distant counsels! Here behold
 The fruit of wily cunning! the relief

Which coward policy would fain unfold,
To soothe the powers that war'd with Heaven
old!

O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!

And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her standards there."

XXIX.

Here, as recovered, Satan fix'd his eye
Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;
He wrapp'd his black vest round him gloomily,
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.

Him Moloch mark'd and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,
"The lord of Hell, who bade these legions spurn
Almighty rule—behold he lays aside
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks by man defied."

XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his burning tongue
Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,
Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde

"Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this
of old: who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah?
Who coped with Ithuriel and the thunders of the
Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on
the burning lake, who first awoke, and collected your
scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable
abyss to this delightful world, and established

that reign here which now totters to its base How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learned, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer:—In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

* * * * *

“ Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through the
race

Which as himself he loves: thus if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call

Of vengeance wrings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.

Away with coward wiles!—Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard!—Be our torch the glare
Of cities fired! our fises, the shrieks that fill the air!”

Him answering rose Mecashpin, who of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,
Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold
And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,
Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,
Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves
And cinnamon upheap'd the sacred pyre,
And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.
He waved his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,
Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
The troubled council.

I,

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
 With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
 Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
 The lyre which I in early days have strung;
 And now my spirit's faint, and I have hung
 The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
 On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
 With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
 Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no
 more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
 Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
 Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
 Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
 One little space prolong my mournful day!
 One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
 I am a youthful traveller in the way,
 And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
 Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free

• • • • •

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

LINES AND NOTE.

BY LORD BYRON.

Unhappy White! * while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which

The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there,
 Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When science self destroy'd her favourite son !
 Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
 So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel ;
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

WRITTEN IN

THE HOMER OF MR. H. K. WHITE,
Presented to me by his Brother, J. Neville White.

I.

Bard of brief days, but ah, of deathless fame ;
 While on these awful leaves my fond eyes rest,
 On which thine late have dwelt, thy hand late press'd,
 I pause ; and gaze regretful on thy name.
 By neither chance nor envy, time nor flame,
 Be it from this its mansion dispossess'd !
 But thee, Eternity, clasps to her breast,
 And in celestial splendour thrones thy claim.

disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

II.

No more with mortal pencil shalt thou trace
 An imitative radiance :* thy pure lyre
 Springs from our changeful atmosphere's embrace,
 And beams and breathes in empyreal fire.
 The Homeric and Miltonian sacred tone
 Responsive hail that lyre congenial to their own.

BURY 11th Jan. 1807.

C. L.

—
 TO THE
 MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE,
 BY A LADY.

If worth, if genius, to the world are dear,
 To Henry's shade devote no common tear.
 His worth on no precarious tenure hung,
 From genuine piety his virtues sprung:
 If pure benevolence, if steady sense,
 Can to the feeling heart delight dispense;
 If all the highest efforts of the mind,
 Exalted, noble, elegant, refined,
 Call for fond sympathy's heart-felt regret,
 Ye sons of genius, pay the mournful debt:
 His friends can truly speak how large his claim,
 And, "Life was only wanting to his fame"
 Art Thou, indeed, dear youth, for ever fled?
 So quickly number'd with the silent dead.
 Too sure I read it in the downcast eye,
 Hear it in mourning friendship's stifled sigh.
 Ah! could esteem, or admiration save,
 So dear an object from th' untimely grave,
 This transcript faint had not essay'd to tell,
 The loss of one beloved, revered so well.
 Vainly I try. even eloquence were weak,

* Alluding to his pencilled sketch of a head surrounded with a glory,

The silent sorrow that I feel, to speak.
No more my hours of pain thy voice will cheer,
And bind my spirit to this lower sphere ;
Bend o'er my suffering frame with gentle sigh,
And bid new fire relume my languid eye:
No more the pencil's mimic art command,
And with kind pity guide my trembling hand:
Now dwell upon the page in fond regard,
To trace the meaning of the Tuscan bard.
Vain all the pleasures Thou can'st not inspire,
And "in my breast th' imperfect joys expire."
I fondly hoped thy hand might grace my shrine,
And little dream'd I should have wept o'er thine:
In Fancy's eye methought I saw thy lyre
With virtue's energies each bosom fire ;
I saw admiring nations press around,
Eager to catch the animating sound :
And when, at length, sunk in the shades of night,
To brighter worlds thy spirit wing'd its flight
Thy country hail'd thy venerated shade,
And each graced honour to thy memory paid.
Such was the fate hope pictur'd to my view—
But who, alas ! ere found hope's visions true ?
And, ah ! a dark presage, when last we met,
Sadden'd the social hour with deep regret ;
When thou thy portrait from the minstrel drew,
The living Edwin starting on my view—
Silent, I ask'd of Heaven a lengthen'd date ;
His genius thine, but not like thine his fate.
Shuddering I gazed, and saw too sure revealed,
The fatal truth, by hope till then concealed.
Too strong the portion of celestial flame
For its weak tenement the fragile frame ;
Too soon for us it sought its native sky
And soar'd impervious to the mortal eye.
Like some clear planet, shadow'd from our sight,
Leaving behind long tracks of lucid light:
So shall thy bright example fire each youth
With love of virtue, piety, and truth.
Long o'er thy loss shall grateful Granta mourn,

And bid her sons revere thy favour'd urn.
 When thy loved flower "Spring's victory makes known"
 The primrose pale shall bloom for thee alone:
 Around thy urn the rosemary we'll spread,
 Whose "tender fragrance,"—emblem of the dead—
 Shall "teach the maid, whose bloom no longer lives,"
 That "virtue every perish'd grace survives."
 Farewell! sweet Moralist; heart-sickening grief
 Tells me in duty's paths to seek relief,
 With surer aim on faith's strong pinions rise,
 And seek hope's vanish'd anchor in the skies.
 Yet still on thee shall fond remembrance dwell,
 And to the world thy worth delight to tell;
 Though well I feel unworthy Thee the lays
 That to thy memory weeping friendship pays

STANZAS.

Supposed to have been written at the grave of H K
 WHITE.

BY A LADY.

I.

Ye gentlest gales! oh, hither waft,
 On airy undulating sweeps,
 Your frequent sighs so passing soft,
 Where he the youthful Poet, sleeps!
 He breathed the purest, tenderest sigh,
 The sigh of sensibility.

2.

And thou shalt lie his favourite flower,
 Pale Primrose, on his grave reclined:
 Sweet emblem of his fleeting hour,
 And of his pure, his spotless mind;
 Like thee, he sprung in lowly vale;
 And felt, like thee, the trying gale.

2.

Nor hence thy pensive eye seclude,
 Oh thou, the fragrant Rosemary,
 Where he, "in marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep," doth lie!
 His harp prophetic sung to thee
 In notes of sweetest minstrelsy

4.

Ye falling dews, Oh! ever leave
 Your crystal drops these flowers to steep:
 At earliest morn, at latest eve,
 Oh let them for their Poet weep!
 For tears bedew'd his gentle eye,
 The tears of heavenly sympathy.

5.

Thou western Sun, effuse thy beams;
 For he was wont to pace the glade,
 To watch in pale uncertain gleams,
 The crimson-zoned horizon fade—
 Thy last, thy setting radiance pour,
 Where he is set to rise no more.

ODE

ON THE LATE H. K. WHITE.

And is the minstrel's voyage o'er?
 And is the star of genius fled?
 And will his magic harp no more,
 Mute in the mansions of the dead
 Its strains seraphic pour?

Apilgrim in this world of wo,
 Condemn'd, alas! awhile to stray,

Where bristly thorns, where briars grow,
He bade, to cheer the gloomy way,
Its heavenly music flow.

And oft he bade, by fame inspired,
Its wild notes seek th' ethereal plain,
Till angels by its music fired,
Have, listening, caught th' ecstatic strain,
Have wonder'd, and admired.

But now secure on happier shores,
With choirs of sainted souls he sings ;
His harp th' Omnipotent adores,
And from its sweets, its silver strings
Celestial music pours.

And though on earth no more he'll weave
The lay that's fraught with magic fire,
Yet oft shall Fancy hear at eve
His now exalted heavenly lyre,
In sounds Æolian grieve

B. Stoke.

JUVENIS

V E R S E S

Occasioned by the Death of H. K. White.

What is this world at best,
Though deck'd in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy dress'd,
What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
A passage to the tomb ?
If flowerets strew
The avenue,
Though fair, alas ! how fading, and how few !

And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow, or by wo :

Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A sithe the soft-shod pilferer brings,
To lay some comfort low:
 Some tie t' unbind,
 By love entwined,
Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
The ravages of time:
Faded the flowers!—The Spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime:
 The songsters flee
 The leafless tree,
And bear to happier realms their melody

Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne.

 Yet, spirit dear,
 Forgive the tear
Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here

Although a stanger, I
In friendship's strain would weep:
Lost to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?

 The poet all
 Their friend may call;
And Nature's self attends his funeral

Although with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;

 True, it was thine
 To tower, to shine;
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
 (Though fame pronounced it never,)
 Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
 But all whose absence here I moan,
 Circling with harps the golden throne,
 I shall unite for ever

At death then why
 Tremble or sigh ?

Oh ! who would wish to live, but he who fears to die
 JOSIAH CONDER.

Dec. 5th, 1807.

SONNET,

On seeing another written to H. K. WHITE, in September, 1803, inserted in his "REMAINS BY ROBERT SOUTHEY."

BY ARTHUR OWEN.

Ah ! once again the long-left wires among,
 Truants the Muse to weave her requiem song ;
 With sterner lore now busied, erst the lay
 Cheer'd my dark morn of manhood, wont to stray
 O'er fancy's fields in quest of murky flower ;

To me nor fragrant less, though barr'd from view
 And courtship of the world : hail'd was the hour

That gave me, dripping fresh with nature's dew,
 Poor Henry's budding beauties—to a clime

Hapless transplanted, whose exotic ray

Forced their young vigour into transient day,
 And drain'd the stalk that rear'd them ! and shall time
 Trample these orphan blossoms ?—No ! they breathe
 Still lovelier charms—for Southey culls the wreath !

Oxford, Dec. 17th. 1807.

SONNET

IN MEMORY OF MR. H. K. WHITE.

" 'Tis now the dead of night," and I will go
 To where the brook soft-murmuring glides along
 In the still wood ; yet does the plaintive song
 Of Philomela through the welkin flow ;
 And while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
 Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
 Will sit beneath some spreading oak tree strong
 And intermingle with the streams my wo ;
 Hush'd in deep silence every gentle breeze ;
 No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom ;
 Cold, chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
 And every flower withholds its rich perfume :
 'Tis sorrow leads me to that sacred ground
 Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound !

J. G.

REFLECTIONS,

On reading the LIFE of the late H. K. WHITE.

By WILLIAM HALLOWAY,

Author of " The Peasant's Fate."

Darling of science and the muse,
 How shall a son of song refuse
 To shed a tear for thee ?
 To us, so soon, for ever lost,
 What hopes, what prospects have been cross'd
 By Heaven's supreme decree ?

How could a parent love-beguiled,
 In life's fair prime resign a child
 So duteous, good, and kind ?
 The warblers of the soothing strain
 Must string the elegiac lyre in vain
 To soothe the wounded mind

Yet Fancy, hovering round the tomb,
Half envies, while she mourns thy doom,
Dear poet, saint, and sage!
Who into one short span, at best,
The wisdom of an age compress'd,
A patriarch's lengthen'd age!

To him a genius sanctified
And purged from literary pride,
A sacred boon was given:
Chaste as the psalmist's harp, his lyre
Celestial raptures could inspire,
And lift the soul to Heaven.

'Twas not the laurel earth bestows
'Twas not the praise from man that flows,
With classic toil he sought:
He sought the crown that martyrs wear,
When rescued from a world of care;
Their spirit too he caught.

Here come, ye thoughtless, vain, and gay,
Who idly range in Folly's way,
And learn the WORTH OF TIME:
Learn ye, whose days have run to waste
How to redeem this pearl at last
Atoning for your crime.

This flower, that droop'd in one cold clime,
Transplanted from the soil of time
To immortality,
In full perfection there shall bloom
And those who now lament his doom,
Must bow to God's decree.

London, 27th Feb. 1808.

ON READING THE POEM ON SOLITUDE,

In the second Volume of H. K. White's 'Remains.'

But art thou thus indeed 'alone?'
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the 'star' so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnoticed by his watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope—each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh—each silent tear—
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art 'all alone?'

JOSIAH CONDER.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY THE REV. W. B. COLLYER, A. M.

O, lost too soon! accept the tear
A stranger to thy memory pays!
Dear to the muse, to science dear,
In the young morning of thy days.

All the wild notes that pity loved
Awoke, responsive still to thee,
While o'er the lyre thy fingers roved
In softest, sweetest harmony.

The chords that in the human heart
Compassion touches as her own,
Bore in thy symphonies a part—
With them in perfect union.

Amidst accumulated woes,
That premature afflictions bring,
Submission's sacred hymn arose,
Warbled from every mournful string.

When o'er thy dawn the darkness spread,
And deeper every moment grew:
When rudely round thy youthful head,
The chilling blasts of sickness blew;

Religion heard no 'plainings loud,
The sigh in secret stole from thee;
And pity, from the "dropping cloud,"
Shed tears of holy sympathy.

Cold is that heart in which were met
More virtues than could ever die;
The morning star of hope is set—
The sun adorns another sky.

O partial grief! to mourn the day
So suddenly o'erclouded here,
To rise with unextinguished ray—
To shine in a superior sphere!

Oft genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod,
And smiles, and soars, and steals away!

But more than genius urged thy flight
And mark'd the way, dear youth! for thee:
Henry sprang up to worlds of light,
On wings of immortality

ON THE

DEATH OF H. K. WHITE.

Too, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
Impassion'd minstrel ! when its pitying wail
Sigh'd o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, wither'd by the northern gale. *

Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime !
Whose opening bloom, 'mid many an adverse blast,
Charm'd the lone wanderer through his desert clime,
But charm'd him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
Yet was not thy departing immature ;
For ripe in virtue thou wert rest away,
And pure in spirit, as the bless'd are pure ;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhaled, and blends with heaven †

T. PARK.

* See Clifton Grove.

† Young, I think, says of Narcissa, "she sparkled,
was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

END OF POEMS.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. I.)

There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

DYER

Philosophers have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves in descending on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

“ And fits it to hold converse with the gods.”

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power that I derive the most exquisite gratifications; at the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice; the sad tissue of wretchedness and wo, passes in review before me, and I look down upon men with an

eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre ; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions which they inspire ; yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that Melancholy is forbidding : in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest ? Ask the unfortunate why he seeks the still shades of solitude ? or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion ? and he will tell you that he derives a pleasure therefrom, which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of Melancholy ; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness, from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy ; as are the desponding intervals of insanity, from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life with indifference ; who can so far conquer the weakness of nature, as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes ; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself, to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined ; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested ; be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public ; they will, at least, have the merit of novelty to recom

mend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition; this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune, nor the bitter taunts of misanthropy. Society is a chain of which I am merely a link; all men are my associates in error, and though some may have gone further in the ways of guilt than myself, yet 'tis not in me to sit in judgment upon them; it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger; to lament their crimes and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation, when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure, the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervour of a glowing mind expresses itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner for the cold ear of dull propriety, let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in decrying it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet,

Ω εὐμενὴς ἀγνοῶ ὡς ἀμώμος τις εἶ
 Ὅταν οἱ σὺ ἐχθὴς οὕτως σ' οὐκ ἀγνοεῖ
 W

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. II.)

But (wel-a-day !) who loves the muses now ?
Or helps the climber of the sacred hyll ?
None leane to them : but strive to disalow
All heavenly dewes the goddesses distill.

WM. BROWNE'S SHEPHEARD'S PIPE, E. 5.

It is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the Sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark ; and, alas who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illuminate our hemisphere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances ; who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death. Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

Charles Wanely was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education, and then left him unprovided for and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With

a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride, which swelled in his veins, and told him he was a man, my friend found himself cast upon the wide world at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connection. As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burden to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood, and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation which could ensure to him, by his own exertions, an honourable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered, and Charles precipitately articulated himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult: but Charles applied himself with his wonted ardour to his new study, as considering it not only his interest, but his duty so to do. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had mortifications to endure, which his haughty soul could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articulated, was one of those narrow-minded beings who consider wealth as alone entitled to respect.—He had discovered that his clerk was **VERY** poor, and **VERY** destitute of friends, and thence he **VERY** naturally concluded that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him whether he had met with any thing particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me for some moments significantly, then, as if roused to fury by the recollection—"I have," said he vehemently, "I have, I have. He has insulted me grossly, and I will bear it no longer." He now walked up and down the room with visible emotion.—Presently he sat down.—He seemed more composed. "My friend," said he, "I have endured much from this man. I conceived

it my duty to forbear, but I have forborne until forbearance is blameable, and, by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day. But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man, and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools, and the foot-ball of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it: and here therefore I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal who calls himself my master, are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place." The tears started in his eyes as he spoke. "I have no tender ties to bid me stay, and why do I stay? The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel: I will pursue that inclination; and, perhaps, in a strange land I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expenses of travelling: but what then—Goldsmith, my friend," with rising enthusiasm, "Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot, and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go, and perhaps, ere long, I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim, with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, ere he took so bold a step; he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed about sun-rise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions, on thus casting probably a last look on his native place.—The neat white parsonage-house, with the honey-suckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last

glance ; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period Charles Wanely was never heard of at L——, and as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when my occasions led me to the continent. I will confess I was not without a romantic hope, that I might again meet with my lost friend ; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers. One fine moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Italian Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude.— It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, steadfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet, amidst all these changes, I thought I recognized Charles Wanely. I stood stupefied with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself I looked again; but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew him. Nobody had even seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my inquiries and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck

my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognized in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty years since this rencounter, during which period he has not been heard of; and there can be little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found in some remote corner of the continent, an obscure and unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honour to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown

W

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. III.)

Few know that elegance of soul refined
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
 From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
 Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
 Can e'er afford. WARTON'S MELANCHOLY.

In one of my midnight rambles down the side of the Trent, the river which waters the place of my nativity

as I was musing on the various evils which darken the life of man, and which have their rise in the malevolence and ill nature of his fellows, the sound of a flute from an adjoining copse attracted my attention. The tune it played was mournful yet soothing. It was suited to the solemnity of the hour. As the distant notes came wafted at intervals on my ear, now with gradual swell, then dying away on the silence of the night, I felt the tide of indignation subside within me, and give place to the solemn calm of repose. I listened for some time in breathless ravishment. The strain ceased, yet the sounds still vibrated on my heart, and the visions of bliss which they excited, still glowed on my imagination. I was then standing in one of my favourite retreats. It was a little alcove, overshadowed with willows, and a mossy seat at the back invited to rest. I laid myself listlessly on the bank. The Trent murmured softly at my feet, and the willows sighed as they waved over my head. It was the holy moment of repose, and I soon sunk into a deep sleep. The operations of fancy in a slumber, induced by a combination of circumstances so powerful and uncommon, could not fail to be wild and romantic in the extreme. Methought I found myself in an extensive area, filled with an immense concourse of people. At one end was a throne of adamant, on which sat a female, in whose aspect I immediately recognized a divinity. She was clad in a garb of azure, on her forehead she bore a sun, whose splendour the eyes of many were unable to bear, and whose rays illumined the whole space and penetrated into the deepest recesses of darkness. The aspect of the goddess at a distance was forbidding, but on a nearer approach, it was mild and engaging. Her eyes were blue and piercing, and there was a fascination in her smile which charmed as if by enchantment. The air of intelligence which beamed in her look, made the beholder shrink into himself with the consciousness of inferiority; yet the affability of her deportment, and the simplicity and gentleness of her manners, soon re-assured him, while the bewitching softness which she could at times assume, won his per

manent esteem On inquiry of a by-stander who it was that sat on the throne, and what was the occasion of so uncommon an assembly, he informed me that it was the Goddess of Wisdom, who had at last succeeded in regaining the dominion of the earth, which Folly had so long usurped. That she sat there in her judicial capacity, in order to try the merits of many who were supposed to be the secret emisaries of Folly. In this way I understood Envy and Malevolence had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, though several of their adherents yet remained among men, whose minds were too gross to be irradiated with the light of wisdom. One trial I understood was just ended, and another supposed delinquent was about to be put to the bar. With much curiosity I hurried forward to survey the figure which now approached. She was habited in black, and veiled to the waist. Her face was solemn and majestic, yet in every movement was a winning gracefulness. As she approached to the bar, I got a nearer view of her, when what was my astonishment to recognise in her the person of my favourite goddess Melancholy. Amazed that she, whom I had always looked upon as the sister and companion of Wisdom, should be brought to trial as an emissary and adherent of Folly, I waited in mute impatience for the accusation which could be framed against her.—On looking towards the centre of the area, I was much surprised to see a bustling little CIT of my acquaintance, who by his hemming and clearing, I concluded was going to make the charge. As he was a self-important little fellow, full of consequence and business, and totally incapable of all the finer emotions of the soul, I could not conceive what ground of complaint he could have against Melancholy, who, I was persuaded would never have deigned to take up her residence for a moment in his breast. When I recollected, however, that he had some sparks of ambition in his composition, and that he was an envious, carping little mortal, who had formed the design of shouldering himself into notice by decrying the defects of others, while he was insensible to his own, my amazement and my

apprehensions vanished, as I perceived he only wanted to make a display of his own talent, in doing which I did not fear his making himself sufficiently ridiculous.

After a good deal of irrelevant circumlocution, he boldly began the accusation of Melancholy. I shall not dwell upon many absurd and many invidious parts of his speech, nor upon the many blunders in the misapplication of words, such as "DEDUCE" for "DETRACT," and others of a similar nature, which my poor friend committed in the course of his harangue, but shall only dwell upon the material parts of the charge.

He represented the prisoner as the offspring of IDLENESS and DISCONTENT, who was at all times a sulky, sullen, and "EMINENTLY USELESS" member of the community, and not unfrequently a very dangerous one. He declared it to be his opinion, that in case she were to be suffered to prevail, mankind would soon become "TOO IDLE TO GO," and would all lie down and perish through indolence, or through forgetting that sustenance was necessary for the preservation of existence; and concluded with painting the horrors which would attend such a depopulation of the earth, in such colours as made many weak minds regard the goddess with fear and abhorrence.

Having concluded, the accused was called upon for her defence. She immediately, with a graceful gesture, lifted up the veil which concealed her face, and discovered a countenance so soft, so lovely, and so sweetly expressive, as to strike the beholders with involuntary admiration, and which, at one glance overturned all the flimsy sophistry of my poor friend the citizen; and when the silver tones of her voice were heard, the murmurs, which until then had continually arisen from the crowd, were hushed to a dead still, and the whole multitude stood transfixed in breathless attention. As near as I can recollect, these were the words in which she addressed herself to the throne of wisdom:—

' I shall not deign to give a direct answer to the various insinuations which have been thrown out against me

by my accuser. Let it suffice that I declare my true history, in opposition to that which has been so artfully fabricated to my disadvantage. In that early age of the world, when mankind followed the peaceful avocations of a pastoral life only, and contentment and harmony reigned in every vale, I was known among men: but when, in process of time, Ambition and Vice, with their attendant evils, were sent down as a scourge to the human race, I made my appearance. I am the offspring of Misfortune and Virtue, and was sent by heaven to teach my parents how to support their afflictions with magnanimity. As I grew up, I became the intimate friend of the wisest among men. I was the bosom friend of Plato, and other illustrious sages of antiquity, and was then often known by the name of Philosophy, though, in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments, and inventors of blacking-cakes, I am only known by the appellation of Melancholy. So far from being of a discontented disposition, my very essence is pious and resigned contentment. I teach my votaries to support every vicissitude of fortune with calmness and fortitude. It is mine to subdue the stormy propensities of passion and vice, to foster and encourage the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, and to cherish and bring to perfection the seeds of virtue and wisdom. Though feared and hated by those who, like my accuser, are ignorant of my nature, I am courted and cherished by all the truly wise, the good, and the great; the poet woos me as the goddess of inspiration; the true philosopher acknowledges himself indebted to me for his most expansive views of human nature; the good man owes to me that hatred of the wrong and love of the right, and that disdain for the consequences which may result from the performance of his duties, which keeps him good; and the religious flies to me, for the only clear and unencumbered view of the attributes and perfections of the Deity. So far from being idle, my mind is ever on the wing in the regions of fancy, or that true philosophy which opens the book of human nature, and raises the soul above the

evils incident to life. If I am useless, in the same degree were Plato and Socrates, Locke and Paley, useless : it is true that my immediate influence is confined, but its effects are disseminated by means of literature over every age and nation, and mankind, in every generation, and in every clime, may look to me as their remote illuminator, the original spring of the principal intellectual benefits they possess. But as there is no good without its attendant evil, so I have an elder sister, called Phrenzy, for whom I have often been mistaken, who sometimes follows close on my steps, and to her I owe much of the obloquy which is attached to my name : though the puerile accusation which has been just brought against me turns on points which apply more exclusively to myself.'

She ceased, and a dead pause ensued. The multitude seemed struck with the fascination of her utterance and gesture, and the sounds of her voice still seemed to vibrate on every ear. The attention of the assembly, however, was soon recalled to her accuser, and their indignation at his baseness rose to such a height as to threaten general tumult, when the Goddess of Wisdom arose, and waving her hand for silence, beckoned the prisoner to her, placed her on her right hand, and, with a sweet smile, acknowledged her for her old companion and friend. She then turned to the accuser, with a frown of severity so terrible, that I involuntarily started with terror from my poor misguided friend, and with the violence of the start I awoke, and, instead of the throne of the Goddess of Wisdom, and the vast assembly of people, beheld the first rays of the morning peeping over the eastern cloud ; and, instead of the loud murmurs of the incensed multitude, heard nothing but the soft gurgling of the river at my feet, and the rustling wing of the sky-lark, who was now beginning his first matin-song.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. IV.)

Σκοπησαμενος ευθισκον ουδαμως αν αλλως
 ουτος διαπζαξαμενος *Isocr.*

The world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable, than those attendant on friend-making.—Show a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humour his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all, he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance and coveted the friendship of one man, and thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His

name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him as a matter of course that he might be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh, and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon deceived. A man seldom cares much for that which costs him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time that, half shamed of my errand, I made my inquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before, that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superior, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I evermore condescended THUS

to COURT the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without HIS whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I ask not his assistance while living, it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, SOLICIT not friendship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven years' apprentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a tailor's board. Periwig-makers have been known to buy their country-seats, and bellows-menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependance on the friendship of his fellow-men arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may appear to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he

can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. Who, then, can expect to find that benign disposition, which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob?

The recluse who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many REAL FRIENDS. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without, the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called BRUTES, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind:—my dog I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as DEAR a friend, as any I possess; and when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he shall whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. V.)

*Un Sonnet sans defect vaut seul un long poeme,
 Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver ;
 A pcine—————
 —————peut on admirer deux on trois entre mille.*

BOILEAU

There is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected, and perhaps somewhat languid tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate in this country: half a century ago it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language, while at present it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in the opinions of our countrymen, may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonneteers confined themselves, in general, too strictly to the Italian model as well in the disposition of the rhymes, as in the cast of the ideas. A sonnet with them was only another word for some metaphysical conceit or clumsy antithesis, contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern which was in itself faulty, and they met with the common fate of servile imitators, in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies

of a bad picture, however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius in the sonnet without restraint, sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellences which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian: a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of terminations, is more eminently qualified to give ease and eloquence to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated and frequently recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of this little structure of verse they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arrezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century, but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight coincidental corroborations, I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for among the Provençals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted: and who, delighting as they did in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who considered it popular, and to Dante and Petrarch, therefore, we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's "Literary Hours," a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton, however, has, if I may venture to oppose my judgement to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the Nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence, are, I think, alone entitled to the praise

of **MEDIOCRITY**, and if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poets.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterized as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this description be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion, to be revived only by a species of black-letter **MANIA**, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet remain: the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be unknown, tells us, that "The fabric of the sonnet has **NEVER** succeeded in our language." For my own part I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain; but from specimens which I have casually met with in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favour the idea, that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on them.

Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake, and all our other critics who have written on the subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity among the various kinds of political composition, which seems almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Warton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram, or epitaph, than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in his department. To much natural and accurate des

cription, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment; and, with a nervous strength of diction and a wild freedom of versification they combine an euphonious melody, and consonant cadence, unequalled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete, is not the least striking. Though in some cases, these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect, yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has not always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet; his pieces have no more claims to that specific denomination, than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principles is justifiable, may be disputed: for if, on the one hand, it be alleged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by an adequate effect on the other, it must be conceded, that these little poems are no longer SONNETS than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet, and that the moment they forsake them, they ought to resign that appellation.

The name bears evident affinity to the Italian SONAIRE, "TO RESOUND"—"SING AROUND," which originated in the Latin SONANS,—SOUNDING, JINGLING, RINGING; or indeed, it may come immediately from the French SONNER, to sound, or ring, in which language it is observable, we first meet with the word SONNETTE, where it signifies a LITTLE BELL, and SONNETTIER a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question, which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious, and has been much agitated

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chiming and jingling terminations, and of course can no longer be applied with propriety where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, properly varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear when once accustomed to it that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name. At the same time, our language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy, or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, therefore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse overbalance the restraint it imposes on the poet, and in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of SONNET, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procure it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the colouring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place, it adds to the effect of the whole; but, when rendered a principal object of attention, it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's Thalaba is a fine poem, with no rhyme, and a very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess in any state the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the metrical laws of our native tongue, and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie our

selves to a difficult structure of verse, which probably originated with the Troubadours, or wandering bards of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race, one which is not productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repetition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward, (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has both theoretically and practically defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favoured the world with many sonnets, in which he shows his approval of the legitimate model by his adherence to its rules, and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the Monthly Mirror, are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of the expediency of adopting this structure to our poetry, and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptability of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only to the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess, that it is manifestly indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of true poetry must sincerely lament.

MELANCHOLY HOURS

(No. VI.)

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

GRAY.

Poetry is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and finely-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and it is for this reason, that, while men of science have not unfrequently arisen from the abodes of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at supposititious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talent, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had

closed over their heads,—beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields, bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favourites of the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life, in labour, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the *Farmer's Boy* hath already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the *Essay on War* to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits, as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstance of its author. Whether the present age will be inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared.—Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in the horizon of letters prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen become inured to phenomena;—it is to be apprehended that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon—that it will no longer be the rage to patronise indigent merit: that the beau monde will therefore neglect, and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer!

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward; and though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he must, at one time or other, receive the meed due to its deserts. Posterity will judge impartially; and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed, and judiciously opposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honours.

Rousseau very truly observes, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men, enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village tailor, untaught, and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that any thing he could write would be deemed worthy the attention of the public—whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment would allow; on the tailor's board surrounded with men, perhaps of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation!

And yet, that Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark, and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength and considerable SELECTION of diction, few will deny. The Pæan to Gunpowder would alone prove both his power of language, and the fertility of his imagination: and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid PAINTER. Describing the field after a battle, he says,

Now here and there about the horrid field,
 Striding across the dying and the dead,
 Stalks up a man, by strength superior,
 Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight,
 Preserved alive: fainting he looks around,
 Fearing pursuit—not caring to pursue.
 The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,
 Contortions of excruciating pain,
 The shriek of torture, and the groan of death,
 Surround him;—and as Night her mantle spreads,
 To veil the horrors of the mourning field,
 With cautious step shaping his devious way,
 He seeks a covert where to hide and rest,
 At every leaf that rustles in the breeze,
 Starting, he grasps his sword; and every nerve
 Is ready strain'd, for combat or for flight.

P. 12. Essay on War

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green, he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following without a sympathetic emotion, must be dead to every feeling of sensibility.

STANZA VI.

The proud city's gay wealthy train,
Who nought but refinement adore,
May wonder to hear me complain
That Honington Green is no more.
But if to the church you e'er went,
If you knew what the village has been,
You will sympathize while I lament
The enclosure of Honington Green.

VII.

That no more upon Honington Green
Dwells the matron whom most I revere,
If by pert Observation unseen,
I e'en now could indulge a fond tear.
Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,
When my senses first woke to the scene,
Some short happy hours she had pass'd
On the margin of Honington Green.

VIII.

Her parents with plenty were bless'd,
And num'rous her children, and young,
Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possess'd,
And melody woke when she sung:
A widow so youthful to leave,
(Early closed the bless'd days he had seen.)
My father was laid in his grave,
In the church-yard on Honington Green.



XXI.

Dear to me was the wild thorny hill,
 And dear the brown heath's sober scene ;
 And youth shall find happiness still,
 Though he rove not on common or green.



XXII.

So happily flexile man's make,
 So pliantly docile his mind,
 Surrounding impressions we take,
 And bliss in each circumstance find
 The youths of a more polish'd age
 Shall not wish these rude commons to see,
 To the bird that's inur'd to the cage,
 It would not be bliss to be free.

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the ELEGIAC BALLAD efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixed delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition, and, (if I may venture to throw out the hint,) if judgment may be formed from the poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon with success by our modern Muses; they afford a field in which he would have few competitors, and it is a field worthy of his abilities.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. VII.*)

If the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to a very cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence, and that on our conduct in this life will depend the happiness of the life to come; yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects, which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction which we expect from their enjoyment.—Our views are uniformly directed to one point:—HAPPINESS, in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the great aim of the busy multitudes, whom we behold toiling through the vale of life, in such an infinite diversity of occupation, and disparity of views. But the misfortune is, that we seek for Happiness where she is not to be found, and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and so universal an error.

* My predecessor, the Spectator, considering that the seventh part of our time is set apart for religious purposes, devoted every seventh lucubration to matters connected with Christianity, and the severer part of morals: I trust none of my readers will regret that, in this instance, I follow so good an example.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the various points after which our fellow-mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelope the whole human race:—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being, and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that, too, in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it is attained, it must greatly tend to correct our motives—to simplify our desires—and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being, in all its bearings, and in its full extent and the result is, that superiority to common views, and in difference to the things of this life, which should be the fruit of all TRUE philosophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations—visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains, and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of worldly accommodation and ease, will seem more like the effects of insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible; and he will see with

astonishment the few allotted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they are placed here to prepare for, scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error, have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of worldly cares, and the necessity of providing for a future state of existence. They know by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor sojourners in this vale of tears, and that, too, embittered with much pain and fear, and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his predecessor in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive happiness;—whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity—whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence—in a word, whoever possesses more of the true spirit of Christianity than his neighbours, is comparatively happy. But the number of these, it is to be feared, is very small. Were all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends, by virtuous means—as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments—the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers, and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by

that purity of mind of which human nature is, of itself, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious indulgences, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification, which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace, not only of the immediate procreators of the errors—not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would therefore exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you centre your hopes. Pleasures may allure—pride or ambition may stimulate, but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed on the earth in a state of probation—your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period, and when you are called hence you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits—it will be these which will give the turn to your character and to your pleasures. I beseech you, therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that Book, which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of before its divulgation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down, and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the Divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is no where else

to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone endureth for ever—this alone embraces equally the present and the future—this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the ignis fatuus of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence, and I know of none that will do it but the Christian.

W

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. VIII.)

Ὅστις λόγους γὰρ παρακαταθήκην ὡς λαβὼν
 ἔξει κεν ἀδικὸς ἐδτιν, ἡ ἀκρατὴς ἀγαν,
 — ἰσὼ δὲ γ' εἰσιν ταμφοτεροὶ κακοί.
Anaxanarides apud Suidam.

Much has been said of late on the subject of INSCRIPTIVE WRITING, and that, in my opinion, to very little purpose. Dr. Drake, when treating on this topic, is, for once, inconclusive; but his essay does credit to his discernment, however little it may honour him as a promulgator of the laws of criticism: the exquisite specimens it contains prove that the doctor has a feeling of propriety and general excellence, although he may be un

happy in defining them. Boileau says, briefly. "*Les inscriptions doivent être simples, courtes, et familières.*" We have, however, many examples of this kind of writing in our language, which, although they possess none of these qualities, are esteemed excellent. Akenside's classic imitations are not at all SIMPLE, nothing SHORT, and the very reverse of FAMILIAR, yet who can deny that they are beautiful, and, in some instances, appropriate? Southey's inscriptions are noble pieces;—for the opposite qualities of tenderness and dignity, sweetness of imagery and terseness of moral, unrivalled; they are perhaps wanting in propriety, and (which is the criterion) produce a much better effect in a book, than they would on a column or a cenotaph. There is a certain chaste and majestic gravity expected from the voice of tombs and monuments, which probably would displease in epitaphs never intended to be engraved, and inscriptions for obelisks which never existed.

When a man visits the tomb of an illustrious character, a spot remarkable for some memorable deed, or a scene connected by its natural sublimity with the higher feelings of the breast, he is in a mood only for the nervous, the concise, and the impressive; and he will turn with disgust alike from the puerile conceits of the epigrammatist, and the tedious prolixity of the herald. It is a nice thing to address the mind in the workings of generous enthusiasm. As words are not capable of exciting such an effervescence of the sublimer affections, so they can do little towards increasing it. Their office is rather to point these feelings to a beneficial purpose, and by some noble sentiment, or exalted moral, to impart to the mind that pleasure which results from warm emotions when connected with the virtuous and the generous.

In the composition of inscriptive pieces, great attention must be paid to local and topical propriety. The occasion, and the place, must not only regulate the tenor, but even the style of an inscription: for what, in one case, would be proper and agreeable, in another would be impertinent and disgusting. But these rules may

always be taken for granted, that an inscription should be unaffected and free from conceits; that no sentiment should be introduced of a trite or hackneyed nature; and that the design and the moral to be inculcated should be of sufficient importance to merit the reader's attention, and ensure his regard. Who would think of setting a stone up in the wilderness to tell the traveller what he knew before, or what, when he had learned for the first time, was not worth the knowing? It would be equally absurd to call aside his attention to a simile or an epigrammatic point. Witon a monument, is like a jest from a judge, or a philosopher cutting capers. It is a severe mortification to meet with flippancy where we looked for solemnity, and meretricious elegance where the occasion led us to expect the unadorned majesty of truth.

That branch of inscriptive writing which commemorates the virtues of departed worth, or points out the ashes of men who yet live in the admiration of their posterity, is, of all others, the most interesting, and, if properly managed, the most useful.

It is not enough to proclaim to the observer that he is drawing near to the reliques of the deceased genius,—the occasion seems to provoke a few reflections. If these be natural, they will be in unison with the feelings of the reader, and if they tend where they ought to tend, they will leave him better than they found him. But these reflections must not be too much prolonged. They must rather be hints than dissertations. It is sufficient to start the idea, and the imagination of the reader will pursue the train to much more advantage than the writer could do by words.

Panegyric is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on public characters, for, if it be deserved, it cannot need publication, and if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule. When employed in memorizing the retired virtues of domestic life, and qualities which, though they only served to cheer the little circle of privacy, still deserved, from their unfrequency, to tri

umph, at least, for a while, over the power of the grave, it may be interesting and salutary in its effects. To this purpose, however, it is rarely employed. An epitaph book will seldom supply the exigencies of character; and men of talents are not always, even in these favoured times, at hand to eternize the virtues of private life.

The following epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is inscribed on a monument to the memory of Cowper, in the church of East Dereham:—

“Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to Devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name:
Sense, Fancy, Wit, conspire not all to raise
So clear a title to Affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.”

“This epitaph,” says a periodical critic,* “is simply elegant, and appropriately just.” I regard this sentence as peculiarly unfortunate, for the epitaph seems to me to be elegant without simplicity, and just without propriety. No one will deny that it is correctly written, and that it is not destitute of grace! but in what consists its simplicity I am at a loss to imagine. The initial address is laboured and circumlocutory. There is something artificial, rather than otherwise, in the personification of England, and her ranking the poet's name “with her dearest sons,” instead of with those of her dearest sons, is like ranking poor John Doe with a proper bona fide son of Adam, in a writ of arrest. Sense, Fancy, and Wit, “raising a title,” and that to “Affection's praise,” is not very simple, and not very intelli-

* The Monthly Review.

gible. Again, the epitaph is just because it is strictly true: but it is by no means, therefore, appropriate.—Who that would turn aside to visit the ashes of Cowper, would need to be told that England ranks him with her favourite sons, and that sense, fancy, and wit, were not his greatest honours, for that his virtues formed the magic of his song; or who, hearing this, would be the better for the information? Had Mr. Hayley been employed in the monumental praises of a private man, this might have been excusable, but speaking of such a man as Cowper, it is idle. This epitaph is not appropriate, therefore, and we have shown that it is not remarkable for simplicity. Perhaps the respectable critics themselves may not feel inclined to dispute this point very tenaciously. Epithets are very convenient little things for rounding off a period; and it will not be the first time that truth has been sacrificed to verbosity and antithesis.

To measure lances with Hayley may be esteemed presumptuous: but probably the following, although much inferior as a composition, would have had more effect than his polished and harmonious lines.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT

TO THE

MEMORY OF COWPER.

Reader! if with no vulgar sympathy
 Thou view'st the wreck of genius and of worth,
 Stay thou thy footsteps near this hallow'd spot.
 Here Cowper rests. Although renown have made
 His name familiar to thine ear, this stone
 May tell thee that his virtues were above
 The common portion:—that the voice, now hush'd
 In death, was once serenely querulous
 With pity's tones, and in the ear of wo

Spake music. Now, forgetful at thy feet,
 His tired head presses on its last long rest,
 Still tenant of the tomb;—and on the cheek,
 Once warm with animation's lambent flush,
 Sits the pale image of unmark'd decay.
 Yet mourn not. He had chosen the better part:
 And these sad garments of Mortality
 Put off, we trust, that to a happier land
 He went a light and gladsome passenger.
 Sigh'st thou for honours, reader? Call to mind
 That glory's voice is impotent to pierce
 The silence of the tomb! but virtue blooms
 Even on the wreck of life, and mounts the skies!
 So gird thy loins with lowliness, and walk
 With Cowper on the pilgrimage of Christ.

This inscription is faulty from its length, but if a painter cannot get the requisite effect at one stroke, he must do it by many. The laconic style of epitaphs is the most difficult to be managed of any, inasmuch as most is expected from it. A sentence standing alone on a tomb, or a monument, is expected to contain something particularly striking; and when this expectation is disappointed, the reader feels like a man, who having been promised an excellent joke, is treated with a stale conceit or a vapid pun. The best specimen of this kind, which I am acquainted with, is that on a French general:

“Siste, Viator; Heroam calcas!”
Stop, traveller; thou treadest on a hero!

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. IX.)

Scires & sanguine natos.—OVID.

It is common for active and busy men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive; as they participate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights; they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniences: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy, that he labours for our good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd, than sadness, which seems in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moonstruck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitutional gloom and diseased with habits of vain and fanciful speculation.—“We can share with the sorrows of the unfortunate,” say they, “but this monastic spleen merits only our derision: it tends to no beneficial purpose, it benefits neither its possessors nor society.” Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd, will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness, springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct consequence, to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out, then, with the proposition, that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thought. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time, for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from the special; but I have inverted that order for the sake of perspicuity.

Of those who have occasionally thought on these subjects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, inquire what have been their sensations when they have for a moment attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man in all its bearings and dependencies. They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery, and that the mystery of man's situation is not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live, but that from whence they came, or whither they are going, is by Nature altogether hidden; that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulf of the ages to come! These are reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavours to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence; and the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities

and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see things perhaps equally strange and infinitely more affecting.—In the economy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all parts of the universe. Plato's syrens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole; order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great Architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop: there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases, and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities, destructive as well to themselves as to those around them: the stronger oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good; we see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the deserving overwhelmed with unprovoked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think, that He, whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it; the difference is casuistical.—We are led, therefore, to conclude, that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his maker. Here then is a mystery. The ancients, led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduc-

tion of vice.* This, however, was the logic of the poets; the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for.—They often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny, in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage:—"The animal about to rule over the rest of created animals lies weeping, bound hand and foot, making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and this, for no other crime, than that he is born man."—Cicero, in a passage, for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature:—"Man," says he, "comes into existence, not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labour, prone to licentiousness, in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins." And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion, that man comes into the

* Καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Οὐλύμπου ἀπὸ χθονὸς
 εὐρνοδείης,

Λευκοῖσιν φάρεσσι καλυψάμενῳ χροᾷ καλὸν
 Ἀθανάτων μεταφύλον ἴτον, προλιποντ' ἀνδρῶπου
 Αἰδῶς καὶ Νέμεσις τα δὲ λείψεται ἀλγεᾶ λυγρὰ
 Θνητοῖς ἀνδρῶποισι κακοῦ δ' οὐκ ἐσσεταὶ ἀγκή.

Hesiod. Opera et Dies, Lib. 1. 195

Victa jacet Pietas : et Virgo cæde madentes
 Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit.

Ovid Metamor. L. 1. Fab. 4.

Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit,
 Hac comite atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.

Juvenal, Sat. vi. i 10

world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observation and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this in our own times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother, where death in every variety of horror, preys "on the finely fibred human frame," and where the cry of the widow and the orphan rise up to heaven long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands slain, are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart, and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason, and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the education of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and, on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female, who is rallying a well-dressed young man with so much gaiety and humour: Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark eye which quite captivates one: and her smile, were

it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please, and beneath a fair and painted outside she conceals an unquiet and forlorn breast. When she was yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her, to betray her virtue. At first her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret, and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterwards heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, subdued the more distracting ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left; all the gates of virtue were shut upon her, and though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice for support. Her next keeper possessed her person without her heart. She has since passed through several hands, and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification, and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy, and while she stimulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor pittance, which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation, and she looks only to sudden death as her refuge, against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinence, when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her, and without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift the scene a little, and select

another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who, with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty drags along the road. The man, with a knapsack, who is walking before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram-shop in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half drunk, and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites in the abuse of his weary help-mate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than words, as, with a wan and meaning look, she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arms. The turbulent brutality of the man excites no attention; she is pondering on the future chance of life and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison court, was once a fine dashing fellow, the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family, and is brought to this situation by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life at an early age. His misjudging mother, to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But he soon found that habits of prodigality, once well gained, are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a gaol, and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in that prison many years, and since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he

could not support her, deserted him for those who could, leaving him without a friend or companion to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country gaol, and endeavour to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sighs to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously we strive to beguile the moments in their course, the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general, and what must be the prevailing frame of mind of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, unbracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery invariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will, he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature, and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crimes of every description. Biography only strengthens the view, by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil, by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such a one, then, is prone to sadness who will wonder? If such meditations are beneficial, who will blame them? The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves, and to endeavour, if possible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and in the course of these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to Him who is alone the fountain of all perfection and the source of all good.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. X.)

La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obeir.

BOILEAU L'ART POETIQUE.

Experiments in versification have not often been successful. Sir Philip Sidney, with all his genius, great as it undoubtedly was, could not impart grace to his hexameters, or fluency to his sapphics. Spenser's STANZA was new, but his VERSE was familiar to the ear; and though his rhymes were frequent even to satiety, he seems to have avoided the awkwardness of novelty, and the difficulty of unpractised metres. Donne had not music enough to render his broken rhyming couplets sufferable, and neither his wit nor his pointed satire were sufficient to rescue him from that neglect which his uncouth and rugged versification speedily superinduced.

In our times, Mr. Southey has given grace and melody to some of the Latin and Greek measures, and Mr. Bowles has written rhyming heroics, wherein the sense is transmitted from couplet to couplet, and the pauses are varied with all the freedom of blank verse, without exciting any sensation of ruggedness, or offending the nicest ear. But these are minor efforts: the former of these exquisite poets has taken a yet wider range, and in his "Thalaba the Destroyer," has spurned at all the received laws of metre, and framed a fabric of verse altogether his own.

An innovation so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule. The world naturally looks with suspicion on systems which contradict established principles, and refuse to quadrate with habits which, as they have been used to, men are

apt to think cannot be improved upon. The opposition which has been made to the metre of *Thalaba*, is therefore, not so much to be imputed to its want of harmony, as to the operation of existing prejudices; and it is fair to conclude, that, as these prejudices are softened by usage, and the strangeness of novelty wears off, the peculiar features of this lyrical frame of verse will be more candidly appreciated, and its merits more unreservedly acknowledged.

Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired that greatness of mind, and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled, on all occasions, to throw off the shackles of habit and prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track: his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis, and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on, and painting the scenes of life, as if he were a mere spectator, uninfluenced by his own connection with the object he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never seems to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness, which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety points out.

It is very evident to me, and I should conceive to all who consider the subject attentively, that the structure of the verse, which Mr. Southey has promulgated in his *Thalaba*, was neither adopted rashly, nor from any vain emulation of originality. As the poet himself happily observes, "IT IS THE ARABESQUE ORNAMENT OF AN ARABIAN TALE" No one would wish to see the *Joan of Arc* in such a garb; but the wild freedom of the versification of *Thalaba* accords well with the romantic wildness of the story; and I do not hesitate to say, that had any other known measure been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its

propriety. In blank verse it would have been absurd; in rhyme, insipid. The lyrical manner is admirably adapted to the sudden transitions and rapid connections of an Arabian tale, while its variety precludes tedium, and its full, because unshackled cadence satisfies the ear with legitimate harmony. At first, indeed, the verse may appear uncouth, because it is new to the ear; but I defy any man who has any feeling of melody, to peruse the whole poem, without paying tribute to the sweetness of its flow, and the gracefulness of its modulations.

In judging of this extraordinary poem, we should consider it as a genuine lyric production,—we should conceive it as recited to the harp, in times when such relations carried nothing incredible with them. Carrying this idea along with us, the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction; the abrupt sublimity of his transitions, the sublime simplicity of his manner, and the delicate touches by which he connects the various parts of his narrative, will then be more strongly observable, and we shall, in particular, remark the uncommon felicity with which he has adapted his versification; and, in the midst of the wildest irregularity, left nothing to shock the ear, or offend the judgment.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. XI.)

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Few histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn to the time of its meridian splendour, among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which in this early period, were almost generally taken to

confine all knowledge to a particular branch of men, and when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among the learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources from whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy, have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by the Chaldean Zoroaster,* we have no relics; and the oracles which go under his name are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

The Greeks unquestionably derive their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries for the advantage of learning; and if we may credit the received accounts of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country, and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines we have some accounts remaining: and nothing is wanting to render the systems of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of these philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations, though our conclusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention.

Isque, licet cœli regione remotos,
Mente Deos adiit: et, quæ natura negabat
Visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit
Cumque animo, et vigili perspexerat omnia cura;
In medium discenda dabat: cœtumque silentium,
Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi,
Et rerum causas et quid natura docebat,

* Pliny.

Quid deus: unde nives: quæ fulminis esset orig
Jupiter, an venti, discussa nube, tonarent:
Quid quateret terras: qua sidera lege mearent,
Et quodcumque latet.

If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many testimonies, Pythagoras searched deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun, and, therefore, that he had an idea of its real situation; but this opinion, so generally adopted may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think Pythagoras gained his idea of the great central, vivifying, and creative fire from the Chaldeans, and that, therefore, it was the representative not of the sun but of the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe: he assimilated the Deity to light, and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendour. The Magi, corrupting his representation of the Supreme Being, and, taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was the central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced among the Chaldeans the worship of fire. That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstition is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch, his disciples held, that in the midst of the world is fire, or in the midst of the four elements is the fiery globe of Unity, or Monad—the procreative, nutritive, and excitve power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take in all the branches of this subject, I shall confine my attention to the opinions held by these early nations of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God, and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been instituted in

the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him AS ANIMUS PER UNIVERSAS MUNDI PARTES OMNEMQUE NATURAM COMMEANS ATQUE DIFFUSUS, EX QUO OMNIA QUÆ NASCUNTUR ANIMALIA VITAM CAPIUNT *—An intelligence moving upon, and diffused over all the parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple at Athens inscribed to the unknown Gods; and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

Εξ αρχῆς οὐς Ταία καὶ Οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ἐτίκτο
Θεοὶ τ' ἐκ τῶν ἐγένοντο θεοὶ θεοὶ δωτηρὲς ἐσών
THEOG.

If Pythagoras, and the other philosophers who succeeded him, paid honour to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Dæmonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad Dæmons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the

* Lactantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5. etiam, Minucius Felix, ' Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commeans atque intentus ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capiatur."

gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes or to expiate their offences—a fact which proves, that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal; and, what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

* * * * *

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. XII.)

While the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of dominion, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city, and was protected, as well by woods and precipices as by the awful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed, the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow, at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances, or the strictness of his mortifications. That he was either studious, or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident, for his lamp was often seen to stream through the trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their beds at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him; the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers, and, though some both loved him and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening, and the long shadows of the Thracian mountains were extending still farther and farther along

the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations by the approach of a stranger. "How far is it to Byzantium?" was the question put by the traveller. "Not far to those who know the country," replied the hermit, "but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods, and the intricacies of the plains beyond them. Do you see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it. That is the Propontis: and higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther to night. Thou mayest rest in the village, which is half way down the hill; or if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee."—"I thank thee, father," replied the youth, "I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality." They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of nature. It penetrated far into the rock, and in the innermost recess was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix, and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contemplation, for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the Christian church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dry sticks, (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus,) and then proceeded to prepare their vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprise, the dwelling which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills, seemed to him a comfortless choice for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. "Is it possible," at length he exclaimed, "that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice? Go with me, old man, to

Constantinople, and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years." "And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend?" said the hermit, "for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken, art thou not an Athenian?" "I am an Athenian," replied the youth, "by birth, but I hope I am not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birth place in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master Speusippus, a genuine assertor of the much belied doctrines of Epicurus, that as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved, therefore, to enjoy life, and that too with virtue, as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects: enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You perhaps have reached the latter, my good father; the former you have certainly missed. To-morrow I shall continue my search. At Constantinople, I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of wisdom and philosophy. I have heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us, females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have minds. I almost promise myself that I shall marry and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the women have minds. My good father, how the wind roars about this aerial nest of yours, and you sit during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at your feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded Epicurus, were right, when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having." The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words, and he visibly enjoyed the consciousness of superior

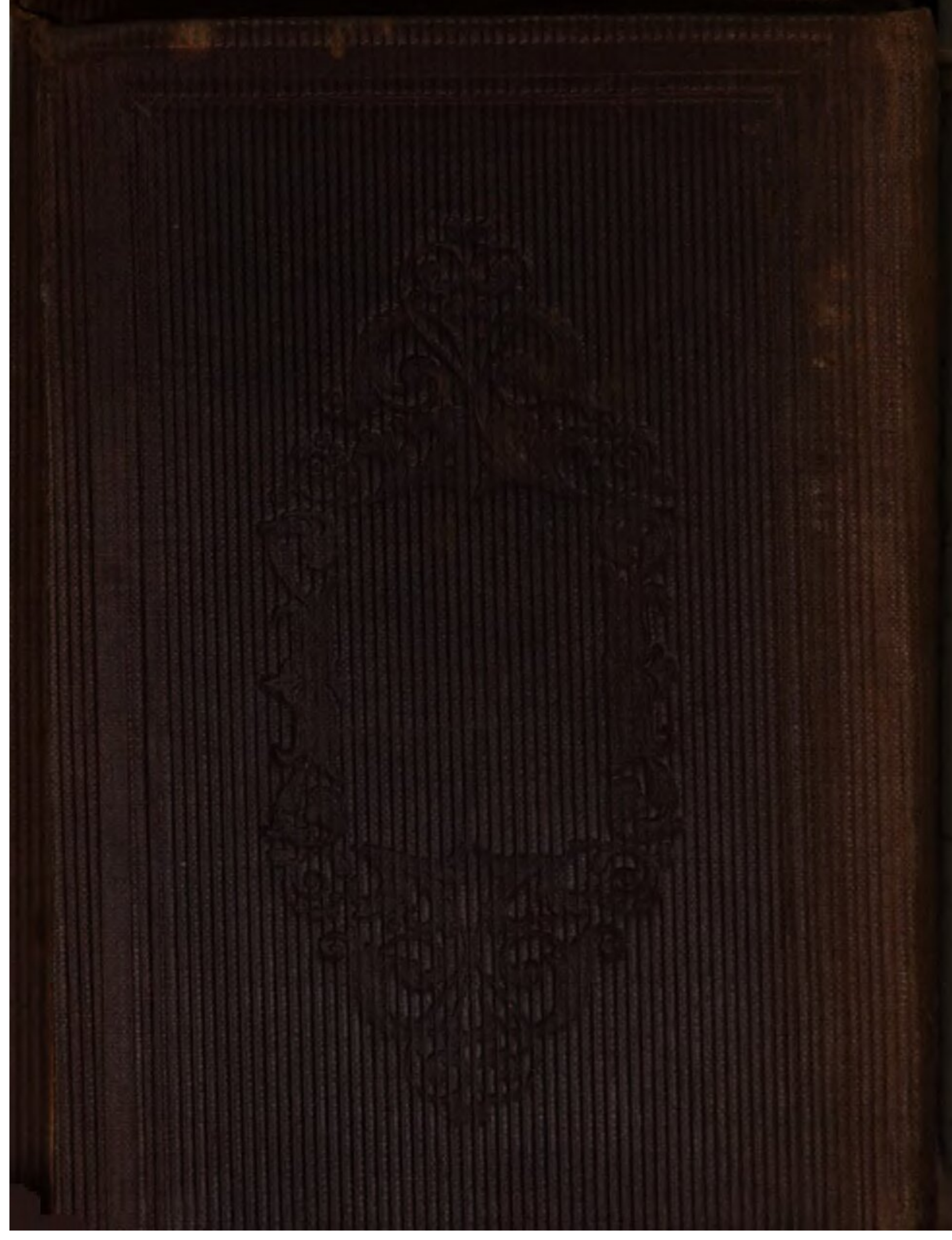
intelligence. The old man sighed and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women: his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. "So you are travelling to Constantinople in search of happiness?" at length exclaimed the hermit; "I too have been a suitor of that divinity, and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest, and my experience may not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

"These scanty hairs of mine were not always gray, nor these limbs decrepid; I was once, like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous, full of delightful dreams and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, and a path of roses; and I thought I had but to choose in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers, when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments, of which youth is so susceptible. It happened, that, at that time, I bore arms under the emperor Theodosius, in his expedition against the Goths, who had overrun a part of Thrace. In our return from a successful campaign, we staid some time in the Greek cities, which border on the Euxine. In one of these cities I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated, and her heart untainted. I had done her family some trivial services, and her gratitude spoke too warmly to my intoxicated brain to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occasion of being with her. Her mild, persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier's life. I had a friend, too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings, and beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two, I had not a wish. I had never yet spoken

explicitly to my female friend, but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affection. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe what I felt, as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe, and, for a time, unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place without accompanying it: and thus lost the rewards of my past services, and forfeited the favour of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That rigour by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardour, is only subdued by time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master, and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there, and sighed as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young Christian woman, her frequent companion, had sometimes taken up my attention. She was an Ionian by birth, and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess when unvitiated by the corruptions so prevalent in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with which the Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat the Christians. This young woman bore that contempt with a calmness which surprised me. There were then but few converts to that religion in those parts, and its profession was therefore more exposed to ridicule and persecution from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female, and, in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned, to my astonishment, that she regarded me as

one involved in ignorance and error: and that although she felt an affection for me, yet she would never become my wife, while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands, with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls, or the obscure triads of Zoroastes. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality, so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I would have conceived of the most perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of philosophers.—Here that invisible link was supplied, and I could even then observe a harmony and consistency in the whole which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions to be embraced by the understanding.—It is the work of the heart as well as the head. Let it suffice to say, that in time, I became a Christian, and the husband of Sapphira.

• • • • •



White, Henry Kirke,

The poetical Works of Henry Kirke White

London 1810

P.o.angl. 468 n

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10750877-2